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TOO little attention has been given to the finance of President Wilson's preparedness program. It is reported that the new navy and army are to be paid for with borrowed money. If this is true the President is committing the country to the most dangerous kind of precedent. To borrow on the future in order to finance unproductive armaments is to allow the country to plunge on preparedness without realizing its cost. THE NEW REPUBLIC is in favor of the main outlines of the program President Wilson has suggested, but it is opposed to the attitude of mind which would conceal from the country the magnitude and the seriousness of the step. To pay for preparedness in bonds instead of taxes is to conceal the significance of this immense program. It means that the full importance of the armament increase will never be brought home to the public. Only by making the people pay now for preparedness can we be sure that they will take thought about its meaning. The bond issue is a way of evading that thought, of hurrying this country carelessly into a policy which means one of the greatest decisions of our history. To let the future pay is the device of all governments that do not dare to face their people. President Wilson, if he adopts this wildcat finance, will be clearing the path for every scaremonger and every maniac who wishes to stampede the country into ever greater preparedness. The only check on this kind of agitation is to make the people pay as they go. The income tax is the honest way to finance preparedness, to make its cost visible. If the chief burden is put on the rich, where it belongs, we shall secure from the most influential people in the community a continual criticism and check on such schemes of unnecessary and extravagant preparedness as seem to trouble the dreams of Congressman Gardner and the National Security League.

IT is understood that the Administration will favor a considerable extension of government enterprise in the manufacture of war material. This policy is to be commended even on the narrow ground of economy. Only a small number of private firms are equipped for the making of such material as heavy guns and armor plate, and the manufacture of smokeless powder and high explosives tends naturally to concentration. If the government relies entirely upon private enterprise, it will be forced to buy its supplies from a few great companies, working most probably in agreement, and the prices it will pay will yield large monopoly profits. It is worth while to recall some of the figures given by the Secretary of the Navy in his report of 1913. In 1894 one of our producers furnished armor plate to Russia at $249 a ton, while charging our own government $616.14 a ton. In 1911 the same company furnished armor plate to Italy at $395.03, while charging the United States $420; and in 1913 they furnished armor for the Japanese ship, Haruna, building at Kobe, at $406.35 a ton, while exacting prices ranging from $440 to $504 for the American battleship No. 39. Under the present program our annual armor plate requirements will probably exceed 30,000 tons. If

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the private armor-plate concerns can be insured against the erection of a government plant, it would be a simple matter for them to extort from $500,000 to $1,000,000 in monopoly profit.

ECONOMY ought not to be the controlling factor in determining our policy with respect to the making of war material. We want adequate facilities for making whatever we need for defense, but we do not want to create a great vested interest in war and preparation for war. There cannot be the least doubt that the great European armament makers, like Krupp, the Armstrongs, the Vickers, John Brown & Co., have on occasion launched war-scares in order to increase their business. If we had a fully equipped private industry engaged in making armament and munitions, every Japanese war scare would be worth several millions; and such a scare can be had at no very great cost. Moreover, an armament industry would not run on domestic orders alone. At every slackening in our own military and naval program our armament makers would work up foreign contracts. They would build for our potential foreign enemies more powerful guns and swifter battleships than we possessed, and then point to the increased risks of war as an argument for further expansion of our own armaments. The European armament situation has long been a scandal; we want nothing of the kind here. Let us have increased armament, by all means, but first let us make sure that no private concern will make money out of it. Patriotism and profit make a treacherous mixture in so vital a business as national defense.

THE official Catholic journal of the archdiocese of New Orleans and the diocese of Savannah is called the *Morning Star*. According to the New York *World*, it is regarded as the mouthpiece of the Catholic clergy of the South. The *Morning Star* has attacked the President with great violence because

> "Mr. Wilson's recognition of Carranza, the avowed enemy of the Catholic Church, is an insult to the Catholics of this country. It is a direct challenge to them, and we hope that not only Catholics but every true lover of religious freedom, for which the glorious flag of our country stands, will give him such an open answer at the polls as will prove to him that no President of the United States can so flagrantly ignore the lawful and respectful request of 16,000,000 fellow citizens without paying the penalty."

Not many months ago certain German-American editors were threatening Mr. Wilson in about the same vein. The newspapers of the country shouted them down unanimously. They said quite rightly that the interests of Germany were not to be made an issue in American politics. We suggest to them that the interests of clericalism in Mexico are a no less improper issue in our domestic politics. No doubt most editors agree with us, but will not call these hyphenated Catholics to account. Why is this? It is because the Roman Catholic Church is the sacred cow of American journalism and American politics. But it will not always be so. Already in states like Massachusetts the aggressiveness of churchmen has made clericalism the real issue upon which men divide politically. Just below the level of newspaper comment, Boston seethes with a religious partisanship which foolish papers like the *Morning Star* are trying to transfer to a national plane.

OPPONENTS of the new state constitution for New York comprise an interesting collection of citizens—organized labor, Tammany, the socialists, almost everyone who believes in machine-rule, and a not inconsiderable number of old-fashioned Americans. Labor will vote no because it was not sufficiently represented in the convention, because its demands were given scant heed. Tammany will vote no, though the ablest Tammany men in the convention voted yes, because Tammany thinks there is a chance to write another constitution in 1916 with Tammany to do the writing. The socialists vote no because Mr. Root is identified with the document, because it does not provide for much new economic reform, because there are no direct legislation features, and because the socialists are afraid of the short ballot and the aggrandizement of the executive. The political machinists are skeery because they scent in the concentration of executive responsibility a danger to log-rolling, local graft, and backstairs legislation. Old-fashioned Americans are hostile because they recognize that a radical blow is being struck at that American fetish —the separation of powers.

IN reaching our own decision about the new state constitution for New York we have taken into account roughly three points. With the short ballot principle, the budget, and so on, we agree heartily and wish only that the convention had been more uncompromising. On the debit side we place the fact that the convention failed to clear up the constitutionality of many urgently needed social reforms. The structural changes are a positive advance; the failure to empower the legislature to carry out a social program if the people desire it is a negative defect which does not push us backward, it merely leaves us where we are. To defeat the constitution will likewise leave us where we are. The third point turns on the possibility of securing a better constitution two or three years from now. Tammany counts on this and so do some liberals.

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In our opinion the people are not likely to vote for a new convention costing another half million dollars. But if they do, Tammany is more likely to control it than the liberals, and whoever does control it is likely to write another constitution on the principle that it must not resemble the one the people have rejected. The result will be a constitution structurally inferior and socially not much more advanced.

ONE of the reasons offered by the United Real Estate Owners' Association as to why the proposed New York State constitution ought to be defeated, is the fact that it gives the legislature the right of prohibiting manufacturing in tenements. "This prevents any woman with dependent children who cannot go to a factory to work from taking work home to earn her own and children's living." The Association anticipates too much. If the constitution carries, it will still be necessary to convince the legislature that such prohibition is practical and expedient. And suppose the legislature should be so convinced, what institution is menaced? The sweating system. Opposition to the extirpation of this baneful system might come with good grace from some of the more ignorant of the classes subjected to its exploitation. Not from members of the Real Estate Owners' Association. They are quite shrewd enough to perceive the hollowness of such pretended solicitude for the fate of the woman with dependent children. Their real concern is for the effect upon rents and taxes of any policy that might clean up the sweated districts. It is a short-sighted shrewdness.

EVEN in time of peace it is likely that Paul Hervieu's death at the age of fifty-nine would have received but slight notice in this country. Both as a novelist and a playwright his reputation was of a kind not easily exported. He believed that life is fundamentally an evil thing. He did not believe that week after next, or in the next century but one, life can be greatly bettered. Certain man-made rules can be bettered, he thought, and so in his earlier plays he attacked French divorce laws and French laws as to married women's property. But nothing in his writings can be called a hope that such improvements in the rules as he thought necessary would be also great improvements. When he began to put this feeling about life into his plays he took all sorts of liberties with life's surface. Life imitation was the least of his concerns. His talent was orderly, logical, reasoning, declamatory. It is not strange that his plays, in spite of his mastery of suspense, should be little liked among people who love to see the surface of life imitated on the stage, who love cheerfulness just below this surface, and who do not greatly care what this cheerfulness is based on.

THE chief bogies of the anti-suffragists are plain to be seen. Since the campaign grew sharp up state in New York the Rochester *Herald,* an excellent newspaper in its way, has steadily denounced votes for women as socialistic and feministic. It warns its readers that the Socialists are red-hot for woman suffrage and proclaims it "a perilous, costly and utterly reckless blow at society and its foundation, the family." To quote one of its graceful correspondents, "suffragism and socialism are the Gold Brick Twins. Think it over." Or to quote another, "In Scandinavia, where women have large liberty and the ballot, what are the conditions? Not on your life for high morals." The main tenets of the *Herald* itself are pseudo-biological. There is a necessary and unchangeable relation of the responsibilities of the sexes, based on inexorable and undeniable facts of nature; and it quotes every possible and impossible canard to support this dogma.

THE truth is, when sluggish minds are stirred up they immediately become clouded with their own mud. But the process is not as alarming as it seems. The very excesses of the arguments against suffrage open the public's eyes. The darkness enlightens. For one who is convinced that the suffragists are abandoning the ideals of "heaven, home and mother," there are several who disprove the accusation simply by testing it. A political victory for suffrage is of the greatest importance in New York State. Nothing else can silence the ignorant proprietorial dogma that "man always has been and must be the protector, woman the protected." But the campaign itself has been a victory, a victory for interstate commerce in ideals. It is a good thing for Rochester, N. Y., to have missionaries come there with a new message as to the status of woman. The *Herald* shows how badly it was needed. It is hiding to-day behind necessaries, unchangeables, inexorables and undeniables. Yet in the very process of refusing to think it is forced to think. The worst result of a defeat for the amendment would be the lull in this process.

WE shall be somewhat surprised if the American machinists who are now asking for an eight-hour day will surrender their hopes upon reading the public statement of the National Metal Trades Association. The Association contends that the granting of the eight-hour day would only make matters worse for the machinists, for as soon as the war is over, England, France and Germany, which are, "figuratively speaking, huge machine shops," will undersell us in our own market and

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throw our American mechanics out of employment. The Association's argument seems new but in reality is old. It is the familiar contention that output and profits are in direct proportion to the length of the working day. Three generations ago Senior was proving that the manufacturer's sole profit lay in the last hour of labor extorted from little children. Arguments never wear out. They may be disproved, ridiculed, exploded, but they never die.

The Reality of Peace

FOR many Americans the year has been a slow process of conversion to a belief in the relevance of war. That calm moral grandeur in which we revelled a year ago, when it seemed as if we were destined to be the arbiter of nations, is no more. It has given place to a strange restlessness and discontent. Instead of a thankfulness that we are providentially escaping the storm, one finds on every hand the sense that we are missing something. As soldiers write of the glamor of the shell-burst landscape, or civilians of the heightened color that the war has brought to their lives, the integrated activity, the new serenity and poise and grip, we feel ourselves uneasily stirred, like children kept at home while their parents go off for a holiday. We feel the sudden contrast with a year that has brought us here in America no new courage, no new hope. One hears more often of the desire of young men and women to be in Europe where "real" things are happening. We have only to glance at our papers to realize with a start how tamely our life flows on at home. There are moments when it seems almost cowardly to be going about prosaic business while over the sea millions are contending to the uttermost. We wonder what unfortunate fate has made us Americans and put us here, safely and ignominously out of the greatest stretch in history.

The war has suddenly created new seductive glamors. The prancing steeds and martial music are no more. Instead our pictures show with remorseless fidelity only dirty men squatting in holes in the ground, riders plowing through the mud, burnt walls and cellar-holes. This is all of the objective side of war that seems to be left. In place of this has come subjective glamor, far surpassing in scope and subtlety what must have been generally felt in older wars—sweeping moral propaganda, exaltation, prophecy, religion, the novel "peacefulness of being at war." It almost seems as if war had with fiendish ingenuity changed its color so as to attract even the most civilized of the day. Too many of us see it as the rough friction which has been passed over England and France, bringing the rich blood to the surface, and making the skin tingle. Our exclusion has deprived us of this exhilarating treatment, we say, and we become more and more conscious how sluggish is the blood in our own veins.

This sense of being somehow shut out of everything contemporaneous that is vital and earth-shaking has possessed itself of the imagination of Americans in various forms. With some it has been translated into a shame at our continued passivity. They drag us into talking the foreign language. They beat the tomtoms of "peace-with-ignominy." They inveigh against mollycoddles and professional pacifists. They clamor for "preparedness," with little effort to estimate calmly for what or against what. Very often they seem to betray a real panic, the fear of minds so startled that they can do nothing but stand and gibber at the ghost. They compare us to sheep grazing in green pastures, which the hungry wolves sniff at from afar. They pray for some rude shock that will shake us out of our smug complacency. They try to get us to see our own life of warlessness as not only tame but ignoble.

Yet no more mischievous idea could have come to us than this of the contrast between the "reality" of Europe's war and the "unreality" of America's peace. It is mischievous because it assumes that we can save our souls by joining the war, and forgets that the best way for us to save our souls is by resolutely continuing social reconstruction at home. Of course, if war is really the great reality in comparison with which all other national enterprises pale, if spending money in war is better than spending it in peace because in war the spending is purposeful and unanimous, then nothing that the military panegyrists say is extreme. War is the great vivifier, the preservative against cheapness of soul. War or degeneration is the alternative. This is the test, and the test that is presented now. By talking of the superior reality of war we confess to all this. If, then, civilization is not able to provide social motives and enterprises which seem more real than war, which are able to compete with it in the current imagination and intelligence, by all means let the great reality overwhelm civilization and put an end to its pretensions.

But in our heart of hearts we know that war is real only in the sense that a caricature is real. It is a wild exaggeration of all the passions, all the wills, and all the efforts of men. It is a sort of organized libertinism. It is collective anarchy. Drilled and regimented and obedient, the whole nation runs amuck together. War is a carnival of the instincts. It is the apotheosis of small-boyism. Instead of crashing windows, crashing towns! The warrior, or transfigured small boy, instead of slingshots and stones has every ingenious weapon that technical skill can find for him. We may imaginatively appreciate the infernal joy of the submarine commander who pops a liner, of the gunner

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who points out the enemy's trenches and men with his carefully-placed shells, of the cavalrymen who thunder into a terror-stricken village and give orders to burn. We may share the imaginative thrill of the bayonet charge or of the scouting of the destroyer through the sea-fog. But we do not have to be overcome by the "reality" of these things. We must see this subjective side of war as it is—a caricature of emotional thrills, a cunning fabric of instincts of destruction, sensuality, will to power and will to sacrifice.

Nor need we be deceived by the war's reported moral gains. This new integrity, quickening of life, purposefulness that we hear of in England, are qualities that should have gone into the peace life if England had had worthy institutions to draw them forth. No moral gain that war brings is impossible to a civilization at peace. Those who put the reality of peace above the reality of war are not the mollycoddles and traitors. It cannot be too often repeated that the fortunes of war have gone most heavily in the contest to the nation that was best prepared socially and industrially for peace. German organization for war seems to have been incomparably efficient because it was based on an incomparably efficient organization of the arts and industries and the city and rural life of a state functioning at peace. England, on the other hand, seems to have found the cost of a preparedness for war which was not backed by social preparedness for peace.

Our American unpreparedness for peace is the really sinister peril. The best preparation for war would be the most relentless attention to putting American industry, agriculture, education, politics, upon the soundest and most prosperous footing possible. If the war has taught us anything, it is that every movement that makes for the physical vigor of the people, for the education of children up to the limit of their capacities, for the coöperation of labor in industry, for the socialization of public utilities, for the conservation of country life, makes directly for preparedness for war. If we continue to despise ourselves and shudder at the foreign specter instead of making our peace life the realest thing in the world, we shall deserve all that is predicted by our professional prophets of disaster.

Our intuitions at the beginning of the war were sound. We seem to have felt then that there was an incomparable opportunity to find some kind of a "moral equivalent of war" for ourselves. Where is that ideal now? Has it all been dissipated in anger and fright? Certainly obsession with Europe will not bring social purpose at home. Our task in emphasizing the realities of peace is hard. War is dragooning Europe into measures of collectivism which Europe at peace has demanded for years. Shall we find ourselves, when the war is over, actually less advanced in civilization than the nations whom war has impoverished, but has forced to provide a better framework of peace? Rather we should devote our entire national energies towards emphasizing those realities of peace in social organization and social prosperity that ought to be decisive factors in the world. America could have no nobler ideal than to show in its institutions the supreme reality of the pacifist state.

Why Do We Arm?

A GOOD deal of deception has characterized the "preparedness" campaign and much confusion of thought. We venture to say that ninety-nine Americans in a hundred think that the enlarged navy and army are for the purpose of preventing an invasion of the United States. To put it more concretely, they are afraid that the Japanese might seize San Francisco and the Germans might seize New York. This has been the theme of the preparedness propaganda. We are told that we are arming to defend our soil.

To leave the matter here is to leave it in darkness. The question to be answered is, for what purpose should anyone go to the expense and trouble of invading us? There is Germany, most feared at the moment. Does anyone suppose that Germany would care to conquer and administer the continental territory of the United States? It would be the most fruitless adventure a nation ever undertook, and the absurdity of it is evident when we realize that even if the Germans in this war could take London, they would evacuate it again. If the Germans captured London or New York it would not be for the sake of holding it, but in order to change certain British or American policies to which they object. They would seize these cities not because they wanted them, but because they wanted India or Egypt or Africa or some part of South America. They do not strike at England or the United States but at the British Empire or the Monroe Doctrine.

In other words, what we are preparing to defend is not our territory but a national policy in Latin-America. Let the United States abandon all pretensions in this hemisphere outside of its boundaries; it will be as safe from Germany as Greenland is. Claiming nothing that Germany wants, we shall have no reason to fear her. This is why no piling up of armaments can ever by itself constitute preparedness. Without a clear perception of what our policy is, we cannot know what kind of army and navy we need.

The time has come for the country to make up its mind what policy it means to defend. What does

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the Monroe Doctrine mean? Does it mean that no European power is to acquire political dominion south of the Rio Grande? Does it mean that no European power is to acquire such economic control of American territory that it would have a virtual political control? Would we really regard a German protectorate in let us say southern Brazil as a cause for war, even though southern Brazil is farther from us than the coast of Africa?

Questions like these must be answered if preparedness is to be more than panic. We must know not only what we mean by the Monroe Doctrine but how we propose to uphold it. Are we to defend it against the world, or against Germany, or against England, or against a coalition of Europe? Can we count upon help from the A.B.C. Powers? How much help can we count upon? Can we define our policy with some accuracy and come to some agreement for a joint defense by Great Britain and the United States? These questions are more important in a program of national defense than the type of battle cruiser we are to lay down.

The same searching of mind is needed in our relations to Japan. We are in conflict with Japan over two main issues, exclusion in California and the Open Door in the Far East. Neither can be allowed to rest undefined. Are we or are we not arming to challenge Japanese dominion in the Orient? If we are not, the Japanese problem loses most of its gravity. Japan will not fight us merely to secure admission for her coolie labor, especially since we may be able to devise an immigration policy which excludes without discriminating. But if we are concerned about the fate of China, if the new navy is designed to give weight to American diplomacy in the East, then the sooner our people realize it the better.

The basic unpreparedness of America is our ignorance of what we mean by the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door. They are the only policies we are likely to defend against a first-class Power. From the point of view of the world they are both of them aggressive, doubly menacing because they are undefined. The spectacle of the United States standing upon policies which carry such immense pretensions, and arming without declaring the real purpose of the armament, is something that may well frighten the statesmen of other nations. It is no use to hope that they will believe that we are preparing to protect our territory. They will act on the belief that we are preparing to defend national ambitions whose limits have never been defined. If our policies remain vague and indefinite, if we seem ready to defend a doctrine which covers everything or nothing, we shall rightly be charged with committing ourselves to a program that has no limit protected by armaments that have no end.

Political Reform for Germany

THE reform of the German constitution was counted at the outbreak of the war among the chief values to be realized through Allied victory. As many of us read politics a year ago, it was a peculiarly pernicious political system that made out of humane and thrifty Germany a menace to the race. For Germany is dominated by Prussia, and Prussia in turn is under the control of the Junkertum, a landed aristocracy despising trade and industry, and insanely greedy for military exploits. It was seriously proposed by publicists of international reputation that constitutional reform should be imposed upon Germany among the terms of peace. One item in this reform was to be the abolition of the class system of voting, by which the Junkertum is enabled to dominate the Prussian parliament. Another item was the exclusion forever of the Hohenzollern family from the royal and imperial power, and the establishment of royalty of narrowly limited prerogatives. And it was believed that the German people would accept the change with eagerness and gratitude; indeed that it might meet the good intentions of the Allies half-way, through a domestic revolution.

Such things were believed a year ago. Nothing of the kind is credited to-day. There is no cleavage of sentiment between the German people and its rulers; if any change has taken place, it is in the direction of deeper devotion to the imperial house and a revived toleration of the landed aristocracy. Down to the present the influence of the war has been reactionary, and whatever its outcome, there is no ground for predicting an immediate change in political sentiment. The monarchy and the aristocracy have proved towers of strength against a hostile world. This will not be forgotten even if the Germans are eventually thrust out of France and Poland, or even if an Allied army forces its way to Berlin. And if the Germans win the war, there can be no popular demand for constitutional reform. The sentimental position of the existing political system will appear impregnable.

But it is not upon sentiment that a political constitution permanently rests, nor are sentimental changes the prime movers in constitutional reform. Economic changes will undermine the most solidly planted political constitution. Fiscal struggles are the most potent cause of political change. It was a quarrel over public revenues that brought Charles I to the scaffold; it was the uneven pressure of excessive taxation that destroyed the most amiable of monarchs, Louis XVI. Fiscal forces were predominant in our own war of independence; their influence was great in bringing on secession. The German armies are sowing the seeds of fiscal strug-

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gles as they advance. The imperial government, even in time of peace, was consuming three-quarters of a billion dollars—very near the maximum that could be raised under a system which subordinated the commercial and industrial classes to a feudal aristocracy. By the end of the present fiscal year the war debt will have mounted to at least eight billion dollars. Add to the interest on this debt the immense sums that will be needed for pensions, and it becomes obvious that the imperial budget will be doubled. Let the war drag on three years, and the budget will become a problem incapable of solution under the present political system. The German people can bear the burden, if it is self-imposed and distributed according to the popular will. It cannot bear it if the imposition is determined by autocratic decree.

For the present the German government is prudently holding the fiscal struggle in abeyance. "Taxes as usual"; a war financed wholly through loans; a promise held forth that the entire war debt will be shifted to the shoulders of the vanquished enemy. If the program could be carried out, the German political system might survive in its present form for another generation. But this presupposes what is impossible—huge military indemnities from nations that have already accepted the worst that can befall them. France will not pay to recover her northern departments, knowing that Germany can hold them only at the cost of accumulating debt. Russia would rather lose Poland and the Baltic provinces than contribute to the preservation of the German military system. Assume what is improbable, that Germany can afford the men to hew her way through to the Suez Canal; will England pay to recover it? Impossible. England would rather withdraw her forces from the Continent and keep the seas blockaded indefinitely. Germany may gain territory in Europe or in the colonial zone, but such territory will be a liability fiscally, not an asset. She will pay her own war costs, and the longer she resists the necessity the heavier will be the burden.

What the future lays before the German financier is a long vista of fiscal struggles, gaining in intensity as the enthusiasm of victory or the mutual sympathy of defeat dies away into history. The Junkers will be compelled to pay, in land and income taxes, and will cry out that the blood is being sucked out of them. Industry and commerce will be compelled to pay, through taxes direct and indirect, increasing railway rates, and whatever other devices may yield returns. Great will be the outcry. It will be urged that Germany cannot afford to handicap German industry in its competition with foreign countries. Labor will be compelled to pay through consumption taxes increasing the cost of living, and the social democracy will enter upon a new phase of growth. The necessity of payment is inevitable; the government can only mitigate the resultant bitterness through granting the respective classes a fair share in determining the distribution of burdens. But this means constitutional reform. Barring the miracle of colossal military indemnities, autocratic government in Germany is doomed. Its downfall is written in the skies.

Short Ballot Principles

NONE of the reforms that the New York Constitutional Convention have adopted can do more than palliate the situation unless the short ballot is introduced. That and that only goes to the root of the matter. To understand this, one need not be versed in political history, one need simply consider the case with the ordinary judgment one habitually employs in business affairs. Where does the money come from to meet the cost of transacting the public business? If it does not sprout from the soil like weeds or descend from the heavens like manna, but is the product of human industry, then it inevitably follows that the greater the number of elections the greater becomes the cost of government.

In one way or another the offices of government must bear the cost of filling them. There is no fund available for the maintenance of party organization, the pay of politicians, the expenses of candidates, the cost of primaries, the making of political campaigns, the holding of elections and all the incidental expenses of party activity, except the income of the community. The cost of a state campaign, as is well known, runs into millions, and campaign expenses invade the public treasury through numerous channels, draining the proceeds of taxation and increasing the direct cost of government; but that cost, great though it be, is small compared to the indirect cost imposed by the system. Even if the tax rates are held in check to some degree, the indirect imposts pour in by ways which the people cannot reach, and which are the more dangerous since they lie apart from all constitutional channels. Their existence is well known. They go by the names of "graft" and "pull." The sale of legislation, the corruption of justice, the special privileges of wealth, are all consequences of the system.

Wherever economic and efficient government is found, elective offices are few. With that end in view it became the policy of the Liberal party in England to abolish electoral boards and commissions. By a series of enactments, elective school boards, guardians of the poor, public works commissions, etc., were abolished, and elections are now confined to strictly representative purposes. The people vote only for their borough or county coun-

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cils, or for their parliamentary representatives. Political force flows deep and strong in the one channel, whereas under our system it is split up into numerous creeks and bayous, creating a dismal swamp. In Switzerland the same principle of electoral economy is displayed. Her case is particularly interesting since she has experienced some of our difficulties and extricated herself by means of the short ballot.

Although the practice never went to such mischievous lengths as in this country, there was a period in Switzerland when administrative posts were filled by popular election, and during that period Swiss politics were notorious for venality and corruption. In his famous play "The Robbers" Schiller referred to the Grisons as "an Athens of scoundrels." But since then the Swiss cantons have relieved the ballot of its burdens, even going so far as to abolish state senates. Since elections have been confined to representative purposes, Swiss politics have become renowned for economy and efficiency. The connection is perfectly well understood in Switzerland. If an American tourist brings up the topic, it is at once pointed out to him how economical is the Swiss system of filling all executive posts by appointment, as compared with the monstrous expenditure entailed by the American system of elections. One incidental benefit which the Swiss enjoy and fully appreciate is that their system relieves the state of all concern about party management. There are no such things as primary elections or state conventions or party machines. Party activity is an amateur pursuit, not concerned with getting office but with propagating ideas.

The case of Switzerland is a choke-pear for the opponents of the short ballot, for their stock contention is that election by the people is the democratic method. Then, on their showing, Switzerland does not possess democratic government. But the term "democratic" does not imply any particular apparatus of government. It means literally simply popular rule. Whether or not any particular form of government is democratic turns upon whether or not it provides an administration of affairs guided and controlled by public opinion. Tested by that standard, the American system is about the least democratic now existing in any civilized country. Nowhere else is public policy so subject to the irresponsible control of particular interests. Nowhere else are the political activities of the masses of the people made so subordinate to professional management and kept so destitute of opportunities of expression. In Switzerland, where elections are used only for the choice of representatives, the administration is the frugal and capable servant of the people, and every variety of public opinion obtains full expression and secures its due influence. Under the Swiss system the rule of the people is a reality; under the American system it is a fiction.

If popular election necessarily establishes popular control, why is it that the principle has never received business recognition? In business organizations the short ballot is universal. The shareholders vote only for a board of directors to represent them. There are evidences that corporate management has not escaped contamination from the degradation of American politics, but has anyone ever held that the remedy is popular election of officers? If that could supply real control, why is it that no association was ever founded on that principle? Suppose the prospectus of a new bank should say that in order to ensure control of the bank's affairs the shareholders themselves would elect the cashier, tellers and bookkeepers; what value would the community put upon such a scheme of control? But methods on which no man would risk a dollar in private business are still pursued in public business, upheld by combinations of interest founded upon class privilege. Not until those combinations are completely overthrown by the introduction of purely representative government will the rule of the people be actually established.

Incidentally, the short ballot will develop an enormous social service fund. The saving in direct expenses alone will amount to millions yearly. The annual cost of holding elections in New York City amounts to over a million dollars more than in Paris, and that is only an outstanding bit of the cost of the system to the community. The deeper one goes into details, the more is one impressed with the enormous waste of social resources that attends the present system. The short ballot is as important an instrument for conserving social resources as it is for establishing the rule of the people.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL — FRANCIS HACKETT
WALTER E. WEYL — CHARLOTTE RUDYARD
ALVIN S. JOHNSON

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From Berlin to Bagdad

THE Germans are on their way to Bagdad and the Persian Gulf. They cannot be stopped; Serbia cannot be saved once they are there; once established in Asia Minor, they will have driven a wedge into the British Empire, they will hold Egypt and Persia under threat, and the old Tartar roads to India will open before them. So also Russia, who aspired to sovereignty in the Balkans and to occupation of Constantinople, will be driven back into Asia by a line of steel stretching from Sweden to the Persian Gulf, for Sweden's neutrality toward Russia is in this war malevolent. Thus Germany will shortly have attained her place in the sun; whether she can hold it is another matter.

Looking back to the beginning of the war one observes the train of circumstances: first the inexcusable escape of the Goeben to the Golden Horn, and Churchill's seizure of the two Turkish battleships; then the sudden blow of that remarkable young man, Enver Bey, who saw Turkey's last chance and plunged her into war; then the unsuccessful Austrian campaign against Serbia in December, coupled with the Macedonian raids of the Bulgarian irregulars. Austria failed, the irregulars were disowned; Russia continued her Carpathian advance, Przemsyl fell, Churchill attacked the Dardanelles, Italy declared war, Bulgaria was frightened, Rumania hesitated. For the Central Powers everything looked discouraging, but the Balkan kings held firm, and Mackensen began his Galician drive. Month by month the Russians were driven further back. Their offensive was completely broken, the Turks repelled all assaults. "Our only diplomatic victories," Mackensen said, "are won on the field of battle." It was indeed in battle that the German diplomacy became victorious, and made it possible for Ferdinand of Bulgaria to turn his armies loose.

The very minute that Bulgaria entered the war it became fairly hopeless for the Allies in the Near East. In first-line troops alone Bulgaria can supply a quarter of a million of the best soldiers in the Balkans. The Turks have at least as many at their disposal for this campaign. The Austrians and Germans are probably about three hundred thousand strong.

What can Serbia do? She will fight desperately, but to what avail? What can the Allies at Salonika do? If they cannot defeat the Turks alone, how can they expect, even with Greek assistance, to make headway against the Bulgars as well? The Rumanians will probably, under the careful Bratianu, remain neutral until nearly the very end of the war. The Greeks will remain neutral if they can.

But the Greeks are in a tremendously awkward position. They might have declared war against Bulgaria, but they knew—Constantine knew—that in that case Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians and Turks would converge upon them by land, eventually invade their country, and ravage their homes in good old Balkan fashion. On the other hand, should they declare war on the Allies, every Greek seaport would be bombarded, every island seized, and Greek commerce would disappear over night. Greece is, like Italy, a country with an immense and valuable littoral, for whom a war with a more powerful sea power means destruction. But Greece's difficulties are so obvious that both sides have allowed her to commit the most flagrant breaches of neutrality. In disavowing the Serbian treaty and in making an arrangement with Bulgaria she committed acts of war against the Allies; in allowing hostile troops to pass through Salonika she committed acts of war against Central Powers; but neither side has done more than file an informal protest. The truth is that Greek entrance into the conflict can no longer have any decisive effect except that of insuring Greece herself a decisive beating.

That the Allies will have to withdraw from Salonika and the Gallipoli Peninsula is certain. The game is about up in the Near East. The Germans have won there. Defensive measures are now in order.

The Japanese can be called upon to prepare to defend India, as a treaty with England obliges them to do. The small British force in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris may as well be withdrawn now. The Russians must expect to defend north Persia and the Caucasus. Most important of all, the Suez Canal must be defended by trenches and a considerable white army.

Every other available soldier should be taken, and probably will be taken, from Salonika and the Dardanelles to the west front—to the point in Flanders and France where this war is going to be finally settled, whether it be next month or ten years from next month. For Europe is like a chessboard on which knights and pawns and castles are fighting everywhere, but the kings and queens are where they have always been—facing each other across the red-brown trenches of Flanders and France.

If the Germans can be beaten in France, all the rest of the fabric, so laboriously built up from Riga to Bagdad, will give way like so much cardboard. The Russian armies are not crushed, but only beaten back; they are fighting as hard as ever, firm in adversity as Russians have always been. To release

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many troops from that front is no more possible for the Central Powers to-day than heretofore.

If the Germans cannot be beaten in France, there is no outcome but an inconclusive peace—a peace which can only be an interlude between wars. From August 4, 1914, conflict has been a battle for the supremacy of the world between England and Germany—no one in either country doubted it then, and no one doubts it now; between English ideals and German ideals, between the Krupps and the shipbuilders of the Clyde.

The final stage of the war cannot be postponed for many months longer. If the Allies win a single great victory in the west, the Central Powers must crumble. If, on the other hand, the Germans win, Dunkirk, Calais, perhaps Paris must fall, and England, driven back on her little island, must face a gigantic conqueror with only seventeen miles of water and a number of highly complicated steel fighting-machines between herself and destruction.

When I was on the train from Brussels to Louvain, the day they burned Louvain, I heard the German soldiers who were guarding the railroad bridges shout back to Germans on my train in answer to the word "Löwen!" the word "Platt!" They meant Louvain was "platt," "flat," razed to the ground. And often since, as I have traveled from Dover or Folkestone to London through the quiet English countryside—a countryside untouched for centuries by wars—I could not help imagining German soldiers, like more in Belgium, guarding the bridges of the London and Southwestern Railroad, and shouting back in answer to the word "London?" the word "Platt." They have said that they would do it. They will do it if they get the chance.

This is frankly the most pessimistic view of the situation. Serbia may put up a desperate fight, Greece may, by bribes or threats, be drawn in on the Allies' side; Italy may send troops by way of Albania, France and England may refuse to discontinue the Near Eastern operations, Russia may develop a successful offensive in the Bukowina, and persuade Rumania to mobilize against the Central Powers. The threat to India and Egypt is of course not immediate; months must pass before important forces can be spared for operations on the desert sands of Persia or the Sinai Peninsula. Nevertheless it is certain that the final stage of this present war has been brought nearer by the German campaign in Serbia, for it can no longer be doubted by anyone that it is on the western front that the final decision must be reached. If neither side can gain a victory there, then all signs point to an inconclusive peace—a peace in which every country involved, but especially Germany and England, will work day and night with a view toward seizing the first favorable moment for the resumption of hostilities.

Yet one thing we must not forget. Day by day the Germans are suffering losses in men who cannot be replaced, and in neutral Switzerland they say that within six months that shortage will be obvious. Therein for the Allies lies a crumb of hope.

GERALD MORGAN.

Recantation of a Pacifist

AFTER four months of living in Europe I have returned to America with the deep conviction that war is not the worst of human evils, terrible as its waste and suffering are. I have become ashamed of that vague pacifism which I, like so many others, voiced under the first shock of the European war—the expression of an anemic idealism due to an imaginative dislike of the unpleasant, and to an abstract sense of the folly of war. The timidities and unrealities preached by Bryan and other professional pacifists seem to me merely an evidence of sickliness in our national spirit, as well as of provincialism in our thinking. Equally provincial is the often expressed fear that European civilization is in danger of extinction from the present terrific conflict. I see rather the coming of a better civilization through the settlement of fundamental principles. It is with this faith that the enormous sacrifices are being made freely in France, in England, in Italy. "It is of little importance what happens to us," a Frenchman said to me in Rheims, whose home had been shelled that morning, whose son had already been killed in battle. "There will be a better world for those who are to come because of what we have endured."

That is what the American mind cannot seem to understand—the necessity of a present sacrifice for a better future, the cost in blood and agony of ultimate principle.

We Americans use the word peace too loosely, as if it meant an absolute state of being which through our innate virtues and happy accidents we had realized. Peace is a purely relative term. To describe the social conditions of these United States since I have been old enough to be conscious of them as "peace" is a subterfuge; there has been an almost constant state of industrial warfare—a guerilla and banditti warfare more evil in some ways than any military war. One need but mention the Chicago riots, the '93 strikes, Haverhill, Ludlow, Colorado. A vast deal more has gone on secretly under cover of political corruption, ignored as far as possible by the comfortable classes until it fermented in abortive protest in the progressive movement. Bullets and shells are not the only means of taking life,

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nor invasion and rapine the only way of destroying civilization. What our talkative pacifists desire is not peace, but bloodlessness. American pacifism is rooted in the same sentimental humanitarianism which encourages the breeding of the unfit, which shrinks in horror from any practical method of restricting the increase of diseased, degenerate, and insane lives. It is proof less of a superior moral elevation than of a softness of fibre and vagueness of thinking. We do not like to look nature in the face; we prefer to add almshouses to hospitals and asylums, and feel comfortable "preserving lives."

This war is leading us all back to the basic commonplaces of thinking. Is life under any and all conditions sacred? Our reason says not. It tells us that the diseased and weak-minded should not be permitted to breed; also that an existence of struggle under degenerating influences, such as the industrially exploited must lead, is not worth calling life. We shudder at the term "cannon food." Why not shudder at the terms "factory food," "mine food," "sweatshop food"? We sentimentalize as no European ever does over those brave young lives that have been spent by the hundreds of thousands in the trenches and on the battlefields of France and Poland, but we are placidly unconscious of the lives ground out in industrial competition. Between the two methods of eating up, of maiming, of suppressing human lives, I feel that the battle method is more humane. I should prefer it for myself, for my child. We should be honest enough to recognize that for many human beings, perhaps a majority even in our prosperous, war-free society, a violent death is by no means the worst event in life. It may be the happiest if the individual feels that the sacrifice of his existence will help others to realize a better life. That is the hope, the faith, of every Frenchman who falls in this struggle, of every French father and mother who pays with a son for the endurance of France.

If we rise from the depressing ranks of the exploited, the disinherited, whose lives even a pacifist might grant were as well spent in solving the issues of this great world struggle as in helping to create some new colossal fortune for others to enjoy and dispose of, then we come to the level of "us"—free beings with a modicum of self-determination, comfort, achievement, happiness. There are many of this favored class who have "fallen on the field of honor," whose lives if lived out under normal peace conditions might have meant much to themselves, possibly to humanity. They are the only ones whom the generalizing pacifist can have in mind, unconscious of the ironic fact that only a minority of our hundred millions will ever achieve sufficient liberty to enjoy the blessings of his peace.

I have seen many of these better conditioned youths, the flower of the nations to come. I have seen them wounded, mutilated past all usefulness, dying; I have never heard a complaint from them of their fate. The doctors and nurses who serve in the hospitals will tell you the same thing. Much as I feel the awful price which they have been obliged to pay, I am sure that the finer spirits among them have lived more fully in the few crowded weeks of their struggle than if they had been permitted to live out their lives in all the gratifications of our comfortable democracies. The letters from the living and from the dead are an extraordinary revelation of those priceless things gained by these soldiers through sacrifice. War is a great developer as well as a destroyer of life. Nothing else, it would seem in our present stage of development, presses the cup of human experience so full of realization and understanding as battle and death. These men who are paying for their beliefs with their lives are living more in moments and hours than we who have escaped the ordeal can ever live. For life cannot be measured by time or comfort or enjoyment. It is too subtle for that. A supreme effort, even a supreme agony, may have more real living worth than years of "normal" existence. The youths whose graves now dot the pleasant fields of France have drunk deeper than we can dream of the mystery of life.

For the nation, for that whole for whose endurance they have given their individual lives, there is no question of the great benefit of this war. We Americans are fond of measuring loss and gain in figures; we reckon up the huge war debts, the toll of killed and wounded, and against this heavy charge we set down nothing. It is all dead loss. Yet even to-day in the crisis of struggle there is not a Frenchman who will not tell you of the immense good that has already come to his people, that will come increasingly from the bloody sacrifice. It has united all classes, swept aside the trivial and the base, revealed the nation to itself. The French have discovered within themselves and shown to the world qualities unsuspected or forgotten of chivalry, steadiness, seriousness, and they have renewed their familiar virtues of bravery and good humor. The French soldier, the French citizen, the French woman are to-day marvellously moulded in the heroic type of their best tradition; in the full sense of the word they are gallant—chivalrous and self-forgetful. Is there any price too great to pay for this resurrection of nobility? I need not enumerate the many incidental benefits that are already showing themselves even through the ashes of devastation. A new, a larger, a more vital life has already begun for invaded and unconquered France.

I have cited France rather than any other of the warring countries because I have seen the French

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in their trials and because outside of Belgium I believe that France has the clearest record of all in this war. Hence has come to her the greatest reward. For in order to reap the blessings of war a nation must have an irreproachable cause. I know that many Americans are still unable to determine for themselves that any fundamental issue is at stake in Europe to-day. Extraordinary as it seems to me, I hear intelligent people referring to the great war as if it were some local quarrel of no real concern to us. But even the humblest *poilu*, the simplest workman in France, is eternally assured that he is fighting not merely his own righteous battle of self-defense but the battle of the whole world in defense of its best ideals, its best traditions. His cause is big enough to consecrate him.

Having realized, then, something of the blessing as well as the curse of war, having witnessed the marvellous inspiration that has come to at least one great people through its bitterest agony, I have come to understand that war is far from being the most evil aspect of humanity. It may be lamentable that humanity is still so firmly in the grip of biologic law that it must kill in order to decide its disputes, but it is idle to shut one's eyes to the facts. And it is weak to assume that all wars can be prevented by any system of parliamenting or litigation, by any paper scheme of international arbitration. No man —and no nation—is worthy of life who is not ready to lay it down at necessity. And some matters are of a primary necessity, unarguable, fundamental. It is proof not of European degeneracy that Europe has suffered from many wars, is to-day bleeding under the greatest of all wars, but of vigor and of vitality in beliefs. It is only the weakling who finds nothing worth fighting about. Whoever cares greatly will give all, even life.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Recruiting in Trafalgar Square

TO most visitors to London the black shaft of the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square lies at the heart of the city. The great shipping offices with their painted maps of the seven seas and models of steamers that ply from Java to Iceland lie about it. The columned porticoes of the National Gallery look down upon it, and historic streets branch from it. For years the monument has served as a public rostrum and from it the discordant voice of the nation has bellowed forth its ideals, its hatred, and sometimes its hunger. When I had last seen Trafalgar Square the four black lions at its base were sneering down on a band of excited and shrill-voiced women who seemed in danger of being annihilated by a hostile mass of Londoners. Since that time the war had come and the Trafalgar lions had been watching for months the enrollment of men to fight in the armies of England.

A recruiting meeting was scheduled for Trafalgar Square at noon on a day early in September. Around one side of the monument, which stood against the gray sky like a blackened sword, a crowd had collected, a smaller crowd than I had expected at the principal recruiting center of the city, but still a tightly packed mass. A man in uniform was speaking from the platform erected on the broad steps that ran level with the pediments of the lions. His hard tense voice reached me from a distance, and as I wormed my way into the throng I saw from his chevrons that he was a captain. He was one of the race of aristocrats who have given England its empire. Tall and lean, his bronzed skin stretched tight over his jaws, he spoke with a terrible earnestness that shocked me into instant attention. Here was no prepared speech filled with windy patriotism. He was bitterly, angrily denouncing every man who stood before him who did not wear the king's uniform. His steel eyes swept over the lackluster crowd with withering contempt. His tense sharp sentences flung his hatred of their slackness and their ignorance into their faces. You could see that he was too proud to flatter or urge these truck-drivers and clerks before him, and that he would have preferred to jump into their midst and beat into them some comprehension of his convictions. For an instant I caught his scornful glance on me and found myself trying desperately to keep in mind that war was not the holy thing he made of it and that my desire to stand there beside him was simply madness.

"Over there men are dying while cowards like you loaf through the streets," he cried. A Canadian in uniform shouted, "Go it, old horse!" while a gentleman with a weeping mustache mildly exclaimed, "Hear! hear!" for the tenth time. That broke the spell, and for the rest of the time I was able to watch the spectacle as an American should.

With few exceptions the men in the crowd listened to the young captain with the polite indifference with which an American audience endures a bad play. He was appealing to their manhood in the name of chivalry and self-sacrifice. He called on them to join him in a glorious death on the field of battle. Apparently it was not enough, and he finally stepped back without another glance toward

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the men he had failed to stir. Groups of soldiers who were scattered through the crowd cheered so vigorously that I suspected that they were there for that purpose, until I discovered that they had a far more important duty to perform.

In the curiously strained silence that followed, the people stirred restlessly. Men looked at each other questioningly, and a few slipped away as if they were escaping from some danger that they feared. A pale little Scotchman in the center of the throng began to shout in a high voice something about peace and capitalism, and was howled into silence so effectively that he completely disappeared, as if the men and women around him had swallowed him.

From the group clustered at one side of the platform a young woman came forward. More than one man stopped his retreat and faced the stand again, as if he thought that since war was the affair of men there could be nothing to fear from the persuasive powers of the opposite sex. She asked these men gathered from the streets of London what their women would think of them if they did not have the courage to fight. Perhaps their wives already thought them cowards, if they had wives, and if they had none, how could they hope to win any self-respecting girl? The men grinned at her argument. She gained no recruits, and one could even divine toward her an air of hostility and impatience. The issues that she brought forward were not vital, and she was delaying the show.

A gentleman with a piccolo was sent into the breach to revive our declining martial ardor with "Dixie" and other agreeable tunes. He proved more valuable to the empire than a dozen suffragettes because he was a humorist and walked with an amusing strut so that the crowd increased mightily. Utopia had indeed arrived, I thought, when governments produced vaudeville on the street corners to put citizens in good humor.

The crucial moment had come. An officer stepped from behind one of the lions leading a tall smirking man with a large and red face. The crowd surged forward; the soldiers cheered. This tall soldier must be a hero for certain, perhaps a V. C. who had saved a comrade from death. He did not look like a hero, but then heroes never do, and his foolish grin I took for bashfulness. Above the yells I heard the word "cinema" and then the officer proclaimed the hero's name, as a herald might have announced a knight in armor to the tournament of other days. "Pimples!"

Eloquently the movie actor told us of the contract of fifty pounds that he had been about to sign when England's need had sent him to war. "Fifty pun'! Gawd," muttered a ragged cockney beside me; and I recalled that Israel Putnam had only abandoned a plow. The cheers died down, and he told us of the suits of clothes that hung in his closet at home and the sums he had paid for them. Pimples had given up fame and wealth, and he asked us to give up our petty interests to the same cause. He ceased, and the intensity that I had noticed before seemed to increase with every second. A year and a month the men about me had resisted the omnipresent posters, the appeal of regiments marching to the swirl of bagpipes, the silent call of wounded soldiers. Would they now offer themselves because this man had touched their hearts?

There was a pause. Pimples asked the men who were too old and the women to raise their arms to show that they would have enlisted had there been nothing to prevent them. Every man who could possibly be considered on the shady side of middle age and every woman courageously responded. As I looked around at the waving arms I was seized with admiration, not for these elderly and feminine warriors, but for the cleverness of Pimples. "Will all the young men who are willing to fight for their country raise their arms?"

For a moment there was no response, except for an excited buzzing that rose from nowhere. Pimples thundered and shouted like a Methodist evangelist. The emotional agitation increased to fever pitch. You could read in their eyes the struggle tearing at the minds of many of them. The issue had become more deadly because it had become personal. They had been trapped into a pit from which there was no escape except through a public exhibition of cowardice, so that the great decision that they had evaded in their souls for so many months was now squarely before them.

Near the front an arm was suddenly held erect like the standard of a flag. A dozen slowly followed, then a hundred. Most of them immediately shot down again, but the mischief had been done. The keen watchers on the stand and the soldiers in the crowd had now something to work on.

Recruiting began in earnest. We cheered frenziedly when men were hauled off the pavement to the platform; we snarled when anyone held his ground. Pimples declared that no future success on the films could delight his heart as did every recruit dragged from a life of peace. He made Gargantuan jokes on his own name and we roared with laughter. The baker's dozen of recruits stood in a ragged line in front of us; tall men, stocky men, old men, sick men and youths under age. A few were patently relieved and proud of their action, others stared across the gray square as if they were thinking of what their women folk would say when they came home late for dinner.

The soldiers began to scatter through the crowd,

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surrounding individuals, badgering them and demanding papers to prove that they were on government work or were exempt through illness. On the outskirts an officer pointed out promising victims to his men. Whenever one began to waver his neighbors shouted to the sergeant who was now exhorting us, and of whose speech I recall only two arguments. He stated that the dangers of war had been greatly exaggerated and laid great stress on the coming of winter and the warm overcoat offered by the government free of cost. A few more had joined the first recruits, among them a man who had been refused by the doctor twelve times. A boy near me was suddenly surrounded by soldiers. "Here's another!" shouted someone, and we took up the cry until the sergeant swung around toward him. The boy was well dressed and was pale with fright. He murmured incoherently to his captors, and one of them, an older soldier, shouted up, "He's all right; he's only fifteen."

"Nineteen!" cried the sergeant. We laughed, for nineteen was the legal age for admission into the army, and shouted after him, "Nineteen, nineteen!" Tears stood in the boy's eyes; his young mind was too weak to resist the pressure. "Shame!" cried an elderly gentleman who stood beside him, while I found myself cursing into the ear of a soldier, who growled at me to shut my mouth. The boy was hauled up to join the rest.

Nearly thirty had formed in that slouching line as the result of an hour and a half's work, and now all further efforts seemed to fail. The crowd melted away. As a final expedient two young men of fine physique were produced before us like rabbits from a conjuror's hat. It seems that they had offered to enlist, but were unfortunately working for the Admiralty and could not be released. But they came too late, for the meeting was definitely over, though several others spoke and the press gangs still prosecuted their work.

As I walked away from the grim monument, followed by the thin notes of a patriotic air hammered out on a xylophone, I admitted that this crude and undignified method of plucking men was necessary if the voluntary system was to continue. I told myself that the very elements in it that left the bad taste in my mouth were proofs of efficiency on the part of the government, that the boy might become a man after six months' training, and that the sick would probably never reach the front. But the affair had illuminated my conception of a free people gladly offering themselves for the defense of their country.

HARRISON SMITH.

The Regulation of Ocean Traffic

(Economics of American Shipping: V)

IT is a significant fact that while problems of railroad regulation have been a subject of debate and experiment since the days of the Granger movement, the public regulation of ocean traffic has not been seriously considered until very recent times. In so far as shipping problems have had any claim on public attention, they have been concerned with means of stimulating the growth of a national merchant marine, rather than with means of rendering it effective and serviceable as a transportation system. The present interest in the regulation of ocean shipping is attributable to the enormous growth which the past decade has added to our foreign trade, especially to that part of it, composed largely of manufactures, which competes so keenly with foreign goods that cheapness, speed and regularity of transportation become considerations of the first importance. The House committee which in 1913 gathered such impressive evidence of the extent and power of the shipping conferences and combinations which control ocean trade recommended that they be placed under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission, with power to regulate rates, to prohibit discrimination and other illegal practices, and to prescribe the terms of agreement of pools and conferences. More recently the United States Chamber of Commerce, by a referendum vote of its constituent members, placed itself on record overwhelmingly in favor of the creation of a federal shipping board with broad regulatory powers over shipping.

The fact is not generally appreciated that in their relation to the public, ocean carriers are in much the situation to-day that the railroads were in before the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission. They can make what rates the traffic will bear. They can give rebates and discriminate against individual shippers. They can refuse to handle certain lines of traffic. They can keep their rates secret, and change them overnight. In such a time as the present war, when between six and seven million tons of shipping have been withdrawn from commerce, they can capitalize the emergency by doubling and trebling their rates. Concrete instances illustrating each one of these abuses could be given in abundance. We can hope for no relief through competition. In ocean traffic competition is economically unsound and historically obsolete. What is more, it is largely nonexistent. Combinations by financial control, by explicit contracts apportioning routes and pooling pro-

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fits, or by minimum rate agreements, are universally prevalent. The British Royal Commission on Shipping Rings in 1906, as well as the Congressional committee which investigated the so-called "ship trust" in 1913, reached the conclusion that combination in ocean traffic brought with it improved equipment, regularity of sailings, specialization of routes and stability of rates. It has been considered a cardinal principle of our political faith that wherever there is monopoly there should be public regulation. Yet the shipping monopoly has remained untamed. As a program of immediate relief, the establishment of a maritime commission with power over shipping as extensive as the Interstate Commerce Commission's power over public carriers by land, will meet the most urgent needs of shippers and public.

There is a compelling reason why action should be taken promptly. Despite their clear economic justification, the legal status of shipping-pools and conferences under the Sherman law is by no means assured. Certain specific abuses, such as the use of "fighting ships" to drive out competing lines, and the payment of "deferred rebates" to shippers who agree to boycott competing lines, have been condemned by the courts. Recently the Circuit Court of Appeals declared that a combination free from these abuses was not in violation of the law. An appeal is now pending in the Supreme Court. In view of decisions in non-maritime businesses, it is, to say the least, still an open question whether the artificial maintenance of high rates is not enough to render a combination in unreasonable restraint of trade. Until the question is finally passed upon by the Supreme Court there is no assurance that the basis on which virtually all the ocean lines of the world carry on their business may not be declared in violation of the law. To avert even the possibility of such a disaster shipowners should welcome legislation which would recognize monopoly, even at the expense of submitting to public regulation.

A bill drafted by the chairman of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries and introduced in the last Congress attempts to achieve this purpose by extending the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission over all coastwise and foreign shipping. The bill applies to foreign as well as national vessels, and to import as well as export trade. It follows the wording of the Act to Regulate Commerce in forbidding all rebates and discrimination, adding an explicit condemnation of "fighting ships" and "deferred rebates." The Commission is given power to fix maximum rates for the foreign trade and to determine rates absolutely for coastwise traffic. All conference agreements must be filed with the Commission, which may cancel or modify them; but if they are approved they are exempt from the Sherman law. The membership of the Commission is increased to eleven members. The bill is open to serious criticism in conferring these extensive powers and duties on a body already so overburdened with work, instead of creating a separate maritime commission. The problems involved in the regulation of ocean traffic are radically different from those arising out of domestic transportation. They call for a knowledge of navigation and commerce, of the resources and output of foreign nations, and of the problems and policies of international law and diplomacy. This is emphatically the work of a specialized commission.

To such a commission, moreover, could well be given the supervision of the immensely important work of the federal steamboat inspection service. The Eastland disaster and the conduct of the investigations which ensued have greatly shaken the confidence of the public in this service as conducted by the Department of Commerce. It has suffered in the past from decentralization as well as from the political influences at work in a cabinet department. And the increased administrative labor which the Seamen's law will entail will further tax its resources. As a contrast, the work of administering the safety appliance and boiler inspection laws relating to railroads has been carried on successfully and with gratifying results by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The whole trend of modern thought is toward entrusting the administration of laws relating to labor conditions and safety to an administrative commission rather than to a political department of the government.

We have already three administrative commissions regulating three different phases of the country's commercial and financial life. The creation of a fourth will probably bring to a head a problem which is already calling for solution, the problem of coördinating these commissions so as to secure uniformity and to avoid conflict. Its practical solution may lie in the establishment of an appellate administrative tribunal, composed, perhaps, of the chairman of each board, with power to harmonize conflicting decisions, and to decide broad questions of administrative policy.

It is curious that the men who are responsible for the Democratic Ship Purchase bill have not realized that it is only with the establishment of a maritime commission similar to the one here described that a government-owned line of ships, actively competing with established lines, could have any prospect of success. A commission could prevent, at least on this side of the water, many of the more extreme forms of cut-throat competition to which the established lines would resort to disable the newcomer. It can prevent discrimination against patrons of the

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government line, it can stop rebating, and it can prevent the temporary lowering of rates to unprofitable levels for purely competitive purposes. If regulation by government competition must be tried, it should at least be regulated competition. It is perhaps for political reasons that the Democrats have adhered to the single-track policy embodied in their Ship Purchase bill. They have not realized that the shipping problem is so extensive and so involved that a single-track policy threatens catastrophe.

GERARD HENDERSON.

The Humor of Keats

EVEN at this late day a tendency remains to regard John Keats as supreme poet but a man of rather poor moral fiber. Now there is no better symbol of strength than humor, nor can one associate true humor with any quality incompatible with manliness. Among the many suggestions of widening power which his prose gives, among the many evidences of a fine virility entirely capable of saving him from too great self-concern, the most significant is, perhaps, his bountiful and dramatic sense of humor.

Passing over the press of great names which throng the early years of the century, there is one whose influence would have availed Keats best—Charles Lamb. In prose, for there only can we compare them, Keats had not the extreme delicacy, plasticity and subtle shading of Lamb's exquisite style, though he had a sensitive earnestness capable of the finest discriminations. Their types of humor, humor of the rarest kind, are very similar. In Keats's letters nothing is free from laughter; now it delights in itself, now leads into broad burlesque, waxing boisterous for half-pages; again it pervades passages of momentous graveness with a kind of sad smiling that heightens the serious and imparts a deeper meaning. It is a humor that comes from within, a humor that is an integral part of tragedy, that cannot be separated from tragedy; and very different from the occasional nonsense recreations of Shelley and Byron, who turned with swift succession from sedateness to wit and drollery. It shows breadth and depth of feeling. It invades his descriptions of scenery; he has a weakness for a kind of landscape humor which is delightful: "an immense quantity of blooming furze on each side of the road cutting a most rural dash"; again, "This Devonshire is like Lydia Languish, very entertaining when it smiles, but cursedly subject to sympathetic moisture." It invades his descriptions of his own pain and sorrow:

> "I intend to cut all sick people if they do not make up their minds to cut Sickness—a fellow to whom I have a complete aversion, and who, strange to say, is harboured and countenanced in several houses where I visit; he is sitting now, quite impudent, between me and Tom; he insults me at poor Jem Rice's; and you have seated him, before now, between us at the Theatre, when I thought he looked with a longing eye at poor Kean."

And elsewhere:

> "Banish money—Banish sofas—Banish music; but right Jack Health, honest Jack Health, true Jack Health—Banish Health and banish all the world."

The most poignant passage in the letters is the conclusion of an early note to Hunt, where despair due to failing health first clearly shows itself. With strange whimsicalness he had described his feelings and his misgivings: "I have asked myself so often why I should be a poet more than other men, (God send I end not my life with a bare bodkin, in its modern sense!)"; and then the passage referred to:

> "Does Shelley go on telling strange stories of the deaths of kings? Tell him, there are strange stories of the deaths of poets. Some have died before they have been conceived. 'How do you make that out, Master Vellum?' Does Mrs. S. cut bread and butter as neatly as ever? Tell her to procure some fatal scissors and cut the thread of life of all to-be-disappointed poets. Does Mrs. Hunt tear linen as straight as ever? Tell her to tear from the book of life all blank leaves."

The hidden grief here is more affecting because of the indescribable lightness,—a lightness that almost suggests a hopeless jesting with fate—than is the grief of the sorrow-loving Richard nursing his woe:

> "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
> And tell sad stories of departed kings."

A mild note of laughter creeps even into many of the critical and sober discussions. Keats writes to fun-loving "Jem" Rice:

> "What a happy thing it would be if we could settle our thoughts and make up our minds upon any matter in five minutes, and remain content, that is, build a sort of mental cottage of feelings, quiet and pleasant—to have a sort of philosophical back-garden, and a cheerful holiday-keeping front one."

Now it is an ingenious and chuckling application of great things to small, or small to great; now odd twists and quirks of phrases and words; now quaint inversions. He held tragedy "at arm's length in his bantering prose." Delightful, hopping pages of nimble wit play leap-frog with all things.

> "If I scribble long letters, I must play my vagaries. . . . I must be quaint and free of tropes and figures; I must play my draughts as I please, and for my advantage and your erudition, crown a white with a black, or a black with a white, and move into black and white, far and near as I please; I must go from Hazlitt to Patmore, and make Wordsworth and Coleman play at leap-frog or keep one of them down a whole half-

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> holiday at fly-the-garter; from Gray to Gay, from 'Little to Shakespeare.'"

In the last letter he sent, written when he had not two months more to live—when already he had been living, or rather, as he said, lingering through a "posthumous life" and daily asking when it would end—he rode "the little horse, and, at my worst, even in quarantine, summoned up more puns, in a sort of desperation, in one week than in any year of my life."

In the pensive gayness of Lamb there is a quieter order of things, a calmer quality, a gentler spirit of fun and maturer perception. The presence of lifelong objective sorrow with which Keats was less deeply acquainted, as well as continual personal grief, casts a lower tone of restraint and sweet evenness over the older man's work. But the feeling for the humorous was as deep in the one as in the other, and droll, though never eccentric, the freshness of their mirth remains. This element of humor is the point of superiority over Marlowe whom Keats in many respects resembled, and is another step in his approach to Shakespeare.

FERDINAND REYHER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Angell Replies

SIR: Your correspondent, Mr. S. N. Patten, is very positive that I have not "thought these things out, or even become conscious of the principles involved," when I suggest that in the event of America and Germany being engaged in war this country could advantageously omit as much as possible of the killing, and limit its action, as far as possible, to the organization of that economic pressure which war in any case includes. "Mr. Angell may innocently imagine," goes on Mr. Patten, "that a boycott of German goods would hurt Germany, but aid, or at least not injure America"; whereas "just a bit more thinking" on my part would show that since "less trade or less profitable trade kills off children," the kind of war I propose is "not only lower in moral tone, but also more destructive of life than the sort now being waged."

Which shows in its turn also that though Mr. Patten may know what I have and have not thought on the subject of international economics, he obviously does not know what I have said and written thereon.

Not only was I aware, but I have said with very great emphasis in articles antedating considerably Mr. Patten's criticism, that for America to sever intercourse with Germany would of course be costly, as any punitive measure of organized society is costly; our policemen and our prisons cost quite a good deal. I have gone farther and shown that the proposed measure would involve injustice and hardship to innocent parties, just as when we send the bread-winner of a family to jail we probably punish the innocent wife and children far more severely than the guilty convict. But what I have urged also is that the proposed measure would embody these disadvantages to a less degree than war in the ordinary sense, which includes them all and the killing as well; that in so far as non-intercourse lends itself more readily than war to international organization, and could, in its operation, be more easily linked to the decisions of an international court (which was part of my proposal), it would bring us nearer than does the clash of great military forces to the realization of a common policy looking to the restraint of aggression, to the organization of the common social will of Christendom, and tend to make the war with Germany more a matter of compelling a recalcitrant member of the society of nations to respect that will, and less a matter of mere struggle for power between rival empires.

Moreover, if as the result of Germany's attitude America were led to adopt such a policy as I have outlined, her position would be by all odds morally preferable to, more open and sincere than, the one which she is actually occupying.

For of course that economic warfare which Mr. Patten regards as so immoral is now being waged by the United States against Germany. Not, however, frankly and overtly, as the declared policy of the country, as part of a plan openly adopted for using the coercive forces of society for common social ends predetermined by the nations as a whole, but by virtue of a diplomatic make-believe. The country's action is based on a "neutrality" which is obviously a diplomatic fiction.

America, by placing loans, munitions and supplies at the disposal of Germany's enemies, when—in the opinion, among others, of THE NEW REPUBLIC several times emphatically expressed—she could with equal regard to formal neutrality withhold them, is to-day exercising an economic pressure against Germany so great that it will prove perhaps the deciding factor of the war. But while American public opinion (which, had Germany's conduct been different, would have insisted upon an embargo on arms and the refusal of financial aid to her enemies) thus throws American economic forces against the Teuton, the American government, as representing the American nation, is placed in the position of maintaining a pretense of "neutrality"—is, in other words, continually justifying its action on grounds which it knows and everyone knows not to be the real grounds. It would be infinitely better from the point of view of political morals and the future of real internationalism that the American government should be able to base publicly its action upon its real motive and say to Germany: "Your enemies receive our money and munitions because you have violated a code the maintenance of which is essential to our security as to that of the nations as a whole." And for thus urging that America's justification of her action should conform with realities—for advocating, in other words, a policy that would place the American government in the position of being able to tell the simple truth to the very great advantage of the world as a whole—I am held up to your readers by Mr. Patten as adopting a moral standard so base that he cannot bring himself to describe it!

I did not reply to Mr. Patten's first criticism because it seemed to me so clearly the outcome of an incomplete knowledge of what the proposal was that he was criticizing. But his last letter would seem to suggest that he makes a point of not reading those whom he criticizes. Notwith-

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standing that Mrs. Whicher had pointed out very simply and clearly that the proposal under discussion does not include anything that warfare in the ordinary sense does not include, Mr. Patten still loftily reproves her (and me) for superficiality of thought in failing to realize that since "less trade, or less profitable trade, reduces population and kills off children," the new kind of warfare would be not only "lower in moral tone, but more destructive of life than the sort now being waged." Does the sort now being waged permit, then, of trade with the enemy? Is not England using her navy for the express purpose of ensuring commercial non-intercourse with Germany? And if we went to war "as now waged," should we not include with the shutting off of trade with the enemy, and add to the killing of the children by our non-intercourse, the killing of their fathers by our bullets?

If Mr. Patten's phrase means anything it means that the "kind of war now waged" by (say) England allows of trade with the enemy for the benefit of his civil population. Are we to understand that Mr. Patten believes that that is the way the war is now being waged?

When Mr. Patten writes of my "innocently imagining" that non-intercourse would "aid, or at least not injure America," and proceeds to deliver a little lecture upon the mutuality of trade losses, he suggests to your readers that I am not fitted by even the most elementary economic knowledge to discuss this matter at all. May I submit that a suggestion of that kind should not be made—especially by one who takes his stand upon the very highest moral grounds—unless the critic has the most unquestionable proof that he is correctly interpreting the work of the author he criticizes. Yet even a cursory glance at the books in which I happen to have dealt with the economics of international relations must have convinced Mr. Patten that I have emphasized, to a degree that has led my critics to accuse me of giving a quite disproportionate place to it, the element of interdependence in international affairs. Anyone knowing even the general tenor of what I have written could not possibly suppose me likely to imagine, "innocently" or otherwise, that America could escape her share of loss which non-intercourse with Germany would involve.

I am not blaming Mr. Patten for not reading my very dull books; that is an offense he shares, I am sorry to say for the sake of my royalty account, with all but a very select and of course discerning few in Europe and this country. But while he is at liberty not to read an author, he is not at liberty to leave him unread and then, from the vantage point of quite overpowering moral altitudes, assure the public of the immorality of this unread author's doctrine, and to ascribe to him beliefs that he does not happen to possess.

NORMAN ANGELL.

New York City.

Musical Differences

SIR: The unquestionably well-intentioned letter of Alice Damrosch Pennington in your issue of September 25th, attempting to make corrections in Mr. H. K. Moderwell's splendid article "On Acquiring New Ears," prompts me to say a few words on the subject.

First let me say that Mr. Moderwell, analyzing keenly in this article the relation of futurist music to music of an earlier day, has pointed out, as has no one writing on the subject, the essential difference between Beethoven and Schoenberg, if you will have it so. Sanely and far-sightedly he shows how we must listen to the new music. Pedants interest themselves in how this new music is written; Mr. Moderwell has suggested, and wisely, that the analysis of this music—if it proves in time to be really worth while—will come later; that at present we must learn how to listen to it.

In answering Mrs. Pennington Mr. Moderwell rightly states that neither Roussell's "Le Festin l'Araignée" nor Ducasse's "Le Joli Jeu de Furet" can be called "futuristic." He suggests that the excerpt from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," which Mr. Damrosch performed last season, may be considered futuristic. I beg to differ in regard to this work with Mr. Moderwell, and I am certain that many musicians will agree with me that this Ravel music is simply good modern French music.

May I be permitted to make a correction about Stravinsky's "Fireworks"? Mrs. Pennington states that "Mr. Walter Damrosch, in his regular series of New York Symphony Society concerts, has produced many works of Stravinsky and Ravel." Mr. Moderwell names the Stravinsky piece as being that composer's "Fireworks." It has not been given by Mr. Damrosch. "Fireworks" was produced two years ago by Josef Stransky at one of the concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society. Previous to that it had a very unsatisfactory presentation by the Russian Symphony Orchestra. I wish to applaud Mr. Moderwell for stating that "Fireworks" is not real Stravinsky; it is no more representative of this interesting Polish composer than is "Rienzi" of Wagner, or "Monna Vanna" of Maeterlinck.

A. WALTER KRAMER.

New York City.

Calls New Republic Pro-German

SIR: I have read your paper since it started, with great profit and on the whole with great delight. But I have felt a cumulating irritation at much of your attitude toward the war, an irritation which was much rasped by Mr. Bourne's article in your issue of September 4th, "American Use for German Ideals," an article which out-Germaned the Germans in its claims for universal German supremacy. Then came the very hard and cynical editorial in your issue of September 11th, "If Germany Wins." You have declared in the past that "German victory would be dangerous to the security of the United States and would temporarily bring national ambitions into conflict with democratic ideals." But this editorial seems to indicate that you are getting amazingly well reconciled to the possibility of German success.

The writer of the editorial does not say that he prefers German success. But I cannot see how anyone who reads the editorial can escape the conclusion that German success is his actual preference. Only one who preferred German success could think that such a settlement as that he outlines was possible. He does not consider the inevitable results of such a settlement. He admits that the German kingdoms would take a large part of the Balkans, a shocking result surely. He does not dwell on the tragedy of that result. He does not even mention many other tragic results which would follow so terrible a settlement. He says that probably Germany would give up Belgium. But she would not give it up in trade. In short, she would profit by her crime. The editorial assumes that England and France would not be crushed, and says that for a generation Germany would be too busy to disturb Great Britain or the Monroe Doctrine. What a pleasant generation that would be. We should have almost civil war with the German-Americans here, who would want us to follow

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the conqueror's chariot. We should be in daily fear of Germany. Your editorial belittles the English fears of vassalage to Germany. But there is a vassalage of the spirit as well as of the flesh. England and the United States might not be subject to the German "*verboten*," but we should be subject to the fear of Germany. We might not be subject to a tangible German bureaucrat, but we should be subject to his methods. Vassalage to the damnable German theories of government is as stifling as vassalage to German bayonets. We should have to despotize and militarize our institutions in order to get ready to fight her. Democracy would have to step aside for that generation.

But who knows that Germany would give us a generation in which to get ready for that inevitable conflict? Nations drunk with victory do not feel the exhaustion of war. They are like victorious athletes intoxicated by success. Germany would have a new purpose, new strength for new aggression. The megalomania of her past would be nothing compared to the megalomania of her future.

The result to Germany would be as terrible as that to us. Autocracy would be triumphant, reaction firmly intrenched. No Social Democratic party, craven as it has proved to be, could ever budge it. If Germany wins, to continue your editorial, Zabern wins, the Hohenzollern wins, the German system wins.

No American journal ought to admit that Germany may win unless in the same breath it urges that the United States take its place where it long since has belonged, at the side of the Allies. Our country dreams on and you do not try to help rouse it. If we enter the war free government is sure to win. Personally I still believe that it will win without us. But it will take longer and will cost infinitely more in lives to defeat Germany without us than with us. But it will still be done. I can understand the world on no other basis. I not only believe that Germany will lose, but I believe that her system, which is a materialistic despotism, will also lose. I prefer to believe that the inevitable victor of the war is a different system, democracy.

EDWARD R. LEWIS.

The Fading Masculinist

SIR: All roads used to lead to Rome; nowadays all discussion leads to feminism. Somebody wrote a few quaint, innocent words about "The Chances of Being Married"; THE NEW REPUBLIC printed them; Mr. DeWitt C. Wing muttered something like: "Let the women talk less and mind their family obligations"; and the writer has forgotten all about his own and everyone else's matrimonial chances at the numerous and exhilirating possibilities offered by Mr. Wing's letter.

To begin with, deny it roundly as he may, Mr. Wing has contributed a slogan to the so-called feminist movement. A little long, perhaps, for a first-rate slogan; still, a very good effort. Here it is: "The overwhelming majority of men—the steady, unpoetic, breadwinning workers . . . are incapable of appreciating independent, highly accomplished women." It will be observed that the descriptive clause, "who are best qualified physiologically to mate," is omitted. That is unfortunate but quite necessary. Were it to be retained, and were some careless suffragist to replace "steady, unpoetic, breadwinning workers" by "stolid, lugubrious, money-grubbing workers" an extra issue might be provoked.

Did it perhaps occur to Mr. Wing that the fact that a majority of men are incapable of appreciating independent, accomplished women, is precisely what rankles with some people?

But no, Mr. Wing is a masculinist. He thrills when men "get together, apart from their wives, and recover the joy and content of being frankly what they are." He undoubtedly reacts a little when a big man with a close-cropped mustache plants his fist in the center of the table, or when a group of successful hardware dealers bandy great political truths in low, slow, portentous tones. Personally, I have not so felt the stout impact of masculinity since drinking large steins of beer, frowning heavily, and reciting—with my fellow sophomores—Gelett Burgess's:

"Leave the lady, Willy, let the racket rip!"

It is because of their "secret, personal attitude toward women," says Mr. Wing, that men "merely smile and look on while the female social ferment 'works.'" And because of his own secret personal attitude Mr. Wing is doubtless smiling and looking on at me. Maybe it is as well that way as another; Mr. Wing—representing a class—and the Cheshire cat will continue merely smiling, and looking on, and fading, until merciful oblivion shall encompass them both.

JOHN LOWREY SIMPSON.

San Francisco, Cal.

Chance for Another Constitution

SIR: In your issue of October 2nd you expressed the opinion that the proposed constitution for this state should be adopted by the people at the election next month. You concede that there are a number of things in the proposed paper with which you do not agree, but you say that the good points in the instrument counterbalance those which you do not favor.

Why should not the constitution in its present shape be voted down by the people? The provisions which are admirable can be passed by the legislature at its next session and again at the session in 1917, so that they will come before the people at the election in November, 1917, and if then adopted they will be in force from January 1st, 1918, only two years later than if adopted next month.

In my judgment there are a number of provisions in the paper which should not be ratified by the people. In fact, the convention seemed to have lost sight of the most important matter that should have been considered, namely, the improvement of the organization of the legislature. It was certainly a great mistake on the part of the convention not to submit to the electors a series of questions, so that the voters could exercise their own discretion on the various points presented by the amendments. For instance, there could have been a provision for the appointment of all the judges in the state by the governor, which was favored by the State Bar Association. There could also have been submitted the question as to whether the members of the Senate should not be elected for a term of four years and the members of the Assembly for a term of two years. The proposal as to home rule in cities and counties should form the subject of another question.

I understand that in twenty-eight of the states of the Union constitutional conventions are required to present the amendments separately and not as has been done by our convention.

M. A. KURSHEEDT.

New York City.

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VERSE

Reaping

You want to know what's the matter with me, do yer?
My! ain't men blinder'n moles?
It ain't nothin' new, be sure o' that.
Why, ef you'd had eyes you'd ha' seen
Me changin' under your very nose,
Each day a little diff'rent.
But you never see nothin', you don't.
Don't touch me, Jake,
Don't you dars't to touch me,
I ain't in no humor.
That's what's come over me;
Jest a change clear through.
You lay still, an' I'll tell yer,
I've had it on my mind to tell yer
Fer some time.
It's a strain livin' a lie from mornin' till night,
And I'm goin' to put an end to it right now.
And don't make any mistake about one thing,
When I married yer I loved yer,
Why, your voice would make
Me go hot and cold all over,
And your kisses 'most stopped my heart from beatin'.
Lord! I was a silly fool.
But that's the way it was.
Well, I married yer
And thought heav'n was comin'
To set on the doorstep.
Heav'n didn't do no settin',
Though the first year warn't so bad.
The baby's fever threw you off some, I guess,
And then I took her death real hard,
And a mopey wife kind o' disgusts a man.
I ain't blamin' yer exactly.
But that's how it was.
Do lay quiet,
I know I'm slow, but it's harder to say'n I thought.
There come a time when I got to be
More wife agin than mother.
The mother part was sort of a waste
When we didn't have no other child.
But you'd got used ter lots o' things,
And yer was all took up with the farm.
Many's the time I've laid awake
Watchin' the moon go clear through the elm-tree,
Out o' sight.
I'd foller yer around like a dog,
And set in the chair you'd be'n settin' in,
Jest to feel its arms around me,
So long's I didn't have yours.
It preyed on me, I guess,
Longin' and longin'
While you was busy all day, and snorin' all night.
Yes, I know you're wide awake now,
But now ain't then,
And I guess you'll think diff'rent
When I'm done.
Do you mind the day you went to Hadrock?
I didn't want to stay home for reasons,
But you said some one'd have to be here
'Cause Elmer was comin' to see't th' telephone.
And you never see why I was so set on goin' with yer.
Our married life hadn't be'n any great shakes,
Still marriage is marriage, and I was raised Godfearin'.
But, Lord, you didn't notice nothin',
And Elmer hangin' around all Winter!
It was a lovely mornin'.
The apple-trees was jest elegant
With their blossoms all flared out,
And there warn't a cloud in the sky.
You went, you wouldn't pay no attention to what I said,
And I heard the Ford chuggin' for most a mile,
The air was so still.
Then Elmer come.
It's no use your frettin', Jake,
I'll tell you all about it.
I know what I'm doin'
And what's worse, I know what I did.
Elmer fixed the telephone in about two minutes,
And he didn't seem in no hurry to go,
And I don't know as I wanted him to go either,
I was awful mad at your not takin' me with yer,
And I was tired o' wishin' and wishin'
And gittin' no comfort.
I guess it ain't necessary to tell you all the things.
He stayed to dinner,
And he helped me do the dishes,
And he said a home was a fine thing,
And I said dishes warn't a home,
Nor yet the room they're in.
He said a lot o' things,
And I fended him off at first,
But he got talkin' all around me,
Clost up to the things I'd be'n thinkin'.
What's the use o' me goin' on, Jake,
You know.
He got all he wanted,
And I gave it to him,
And what's more, I'm glad!
I ain't dead, anyway.
And somebody thinks I'm somethin'.
Keep away, Jake,
You can kill me to-morrow if you want to,
But I'm going to have my say.
Funny thing! Guess I ain't made to hold a man.
Elmer ain't be'n here for mor'n two months.
I don't want to pretend nothin';
Maybe if he'd be'n lately
I shouldn't ha' told yer.
I'll go away in the mornin', o' course.
What you want the light for?
I don't look no diff'rent.
Ain't the moon bright enough
To look at a woman that's deceived yer by?
Don't, Jake, don't, yer can't love me now!
It ain't a question of forgiveness.
Why! I'd be thinkin' o' Elmer ev'ry minute.
It ain't decent.
Oh, my God! It ain't decent any more either way!

AMY LOWELL.

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After the Play

PERHAPS the easiest way to deal with "Quinneys'" would be to say no more than this: An English play, by Horace Annesley Vachell, given by an English company at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, certain to please everybody who was pleased by "Grumpy." Such a description, however, would ignore the question which "Quinneys'" asked me, and which I haven't been able to answer: To what extent has playgoing poisoned my mind? In Joseph Quinney's household there are Mabel Dredge, his typist, Posy, his daughter, and James, his foreman. Until Posy came home from school Mabel and James were very friendly. Mabel still loves James. How far did their intimacy go? Mabel's words and her manner and her pallor made me think either (a) that James had seduced her or (b) that they had seduced each other. What especially convinced me that one of these two things had happened was Mabel's nearness to fainting in the last scene of the second act. In real life, when a young woman almost faints, I am glad she didn't quite, infer that she is overtired, and think of something else. When a young woman nearly faints on the stage, when she is in love with a man who seems to have loved her once, and who is now in love with a richer girl, I regret to say that my illative sense always leads me by trite paths to the same conclusion: This young woman, saved from fainting by a glass of sherry, is in that condition which, no matter how often iterated in the family of a curate or other believer in increase and multiplication, is still known as interesting.

In the case of James, Quinney's foreman, I went equally astray. Before getting his present job James was employed by Sam Tomlin, Quinney's brother-in-law. At Tomlin's instigation James performed a successful operation on some Chippendale chairs, x in number. By taking them to pieces and imitating the parts James converted x Chippendale chairs into 2x half-Chippendale chairs, which were sold to somebody, who sold them to Quinney, who sells them for eleven hundred guineas to Cyrus P. Hunsaker, an American collector. The faking has been done so adroitly that the chairs have deceived Hunsaker, his friend Dupont Jordan, and Quinney himself, whose eyesight is not so good as it once was. So James, who has never protested against Tomlin's dishonesty, and who has never warned Quinney that the Chippendales are fakes, is in an advantageous position. By telling what he knows he can convict Tomlin of cheating and Quinney of not knowing his business. James keeps his knowledge to himself, however, until he thinks he can use it so as to line up Tomlin on his side and to make Quinney consent to the marriage of Posy and James. If I knew these facts about a real James they would not prejudice me in his favor. Knowing them about a stage James, and not forgetting how near Mabel Dredge came to fainting, I take his boldness in Mabel's presence for bluff, and expect him to be proved a seducer. Are these mistakes due to overintimacy with the ways of playwrights? Or is Mr. Vachell the guilty party?

If the fault is Mr. Vachell's why is it a fault? Are we not pleased when a writer for the stage leads us to expect something, gives us something else, and makes us realize that this something else is what would really have happened and what we ought to have expected? No doubt. My answer is that the question is not a description of Mr. Vachell's procedure, that his defeat of my expectations is quite arbitrary, that the something I expected would have been more natural than the something else he gives me, that he has written "Quinneys'" as if he had intended up to almost the final scenes of his play, to have it end as he made me think it would end, and as if he had changed his mind suddenly.

Along with this technical defect—I have finally decided, you see, that the fault was not mine but Mr. Vachell's—"Quinneys'" has a technical merit worth noticing. Joseph Quinney is interested in his collection and in his daughter. As the play progresses these interests take an acuter and narrower form. They change with naturalness into an interest in his daughter's love affair and in the genuineness of his Chippendale. The connection between the two interests in Quinney's mind, and in the spectator's mind, is close. This thorough blending of the love-interest and the shop-interest is good workmanship. Love stories are so often gummed on, and not truly related to the rest of the play, that "Quinneys'" shines by contrast.

Mr. Vachell is not quite so skillful at drawing character as James was at imitating Chippendale, but he has an eye on the outside of Joseph Quinney, and for what lies not very far beneath the outside. Quinney believes in letting the seller beware. In his treatment of buyers he is thoroughly scrupulous. Beneath his roughness there is affection for his wife and his daughter. Out of these traits, and pride in his calling, and shrewdness, Mr. Vachell has made a picturesque stage figure. He has been kind to the actor by supplying Quinney with plenty of business. There are vases to be handled, a magnifying glass to look through, chairs to be scrutinized. It is not a bad mixture, and Mr. Frederick Ross, who plays Quinney, makes the most of it. Mr. Ross is picturesque, his face is expressive, he can give his voice the needful variety. For me it is not easy to do justice to his real talent for character acting. The memory of his restlessness is still oppressive. Mr. Ross must have walked several unnecessary miles in the course of the four acts. I couldn't help wondering whether the more zealous admirers of his acting would admire it twice as much if the stage were large enough to allow Mr. Ross to walk twice as far. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt struck me as the best actor in this company of pleasant voices.

Compared to "Our Mrs. McChesney," at the Lyceum, "Quinneys'" is a work of art. The recipe for "Our Mrs. McChesney" must have been simple. One thinks of George V. Hobart and Edna Ferber with the McChesney stories before them, picking out an incident that seemed likely to be telling on the stage, then another incident and another, until the material looked as if it would last until almost eleven o'clock. Then came the question: How shall we end the play? And with the question came the answer: Let Emma McChesney get engaged to be married. The result is good fun, because the types which throng the stage are amusing and lifelike enough to be recognizable as American and nothing else—traveling salesmen, a cigar girl, a stenographer, a masher, buyers, furniture movers, a janitor and a cook. The part of Emma is extremely easy for Miss Barrymore, because it doesn't require of her anything but humor and charm. Seldom have I seen an actress succeed more agreeably without ever trying to be anything but herself. And the love story? Was it necessary? Had the curtain gone down on Emma stroking a kitten, instead of upon Emma in the arms of T. A. Buck, I should have been as well pleased.

Q. K.

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False Feminism

The High Priestess, by Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

IF the Modern Woman is a prig, a cad, a sneak and a bore, Judge Grant has still labored to do her justice in this novel. It is a triumph of broad-mindedness. To her defects he is certainly alive. His analysis is remorseless. But when he gets through exposing her fallacies, her self-sufficiency, her coldness, her inadequacy, he permits himself to reconcile her with the conjugal ideal. As between her and the old-fashioned woman there are, after all, points of superiority. Modern women may wince at Judge Grant's detached and critical attitude at first. They will surely be comforted by his final magnanimity. The hero of his book takes his stand between the advanced and the less advanced woman, and his choice is the feminist. Thus Judge Grant justifies her after much labor and not inconsiderable repugnance.

The scene of this remarkable interpretation of the Modern Woman is Benham, a rising industrial city of the Middle West. It is sufficient for an understanding of the story to take three persons into account. These are Oliver, the man, and Mary and Sybil, the contrasted women. With Oliver the author is sympathetic. The inarticulate American male, amiable and unassuming, he is really possessed of force and manliness, and without any noise forges his way to success as a lawyer, and even greater success as a politician. He is human, but has no real vices. There is nothing flimsy about him. Active in politics when the Progressive party comes into being, he is a leader among the reform-from-within Republicans. He stands for a combined Employers' Liability and Workingmen's Compensation Act. He becomes Governor, and his foot is on the road that leads to the White House before we say good-bye. His honesty and genuine worth are maintained throughout by the author, and his ideality about woman, but he is able to banter and has an ingratiating smile.

In the eyes of Oliver, Mary, his wife, is a queen. Oliver frankly adores her and she absorbs his adoration like a porous stone. They start out on their married life with their eyes on the stars of mutual equality and mutual forbearance. But soon after the honeymoon ("Mary felt that she had passed safely through the ordeal of the honeymoon") most of the forbearance falls to the carnal male. To Oliver, Mary turns the conformity of a plank. Up first in the morning, she rouses him to go to the furnace or the watering hose. At breakfast she denies him coffee. "She explained to him that coffee was a poison, and that all poisons, however seductive, were detrimental to human efficiency." This she gilds with an ingratiating smile. "One of her ambitions was to maintain the thermometer in the living-rooms consistently at 68." "They were agreed on the importance of trying to keep in fine physical condition. They were agreed too on the desirability of filling in the gaps in Oliver's education, the most obvious of which were on the æsthetic side." That Oliver smokes troubles Mary. "After all, was not smoking one of the non-essentials; a self-indulgent and hence socially baneful practice? Oliver should smoke unmolested if he desired; but she was sure he would be better off without tobacco."

So he smokes in seclusion. Thus begins the Experiment, "richer, more ennobling to us both and on a higher plane of service and comradeship than the world has hitherto seen."

Yielding after a time to what she calls "the cumulative ecstasy of generative longing," Mary conceives and brings forth the first of her two children. But this child is only a halt in the career she has begun to develop as a designer, landscape gardener and architect. Unknown to her busy and incurious spouse, she is achieving modest fame. As she becomes more professional, one of the agents of beautification near Pittsburgh, her activities take her afield and she realizes that her home needs a proxy. Here enters Sybil, sinuous Sybil, daughter of Eve. Sybil is an orphan back from Europe and homeless. She was engaged to a broker, but owing to Mary's tender offices the engagement is off and indeed the broker a suicide. It appears that the broker had a mistress. This is scarcely credible. He is the unusual sort of broker who offers to tell Sybil "something of the excitements and vicissitudes of the wheat market." But in spite of his vocabulary he had a mistress. In a letter to Oliver he reveals that he has paid off this woman. Mary finds the letter during her husband's illness, reads it, trots off to Sybil and breaks the engagement. As a result Sybil is available to be her housekeeper, so she installs her to care for Oliver and the children.

Sybil is young and lovely. She has the feminine touch. During the absences of Mary she discovers the importance of Oliver's political work and she talks to him with infectious enthusiasm. Mary's stellar discipline she also relaxes and she plies carnal Oliver with late illicit suppers of ham, eggs, pie and Camembert cheese. The effect of this petting is insidious. Oliver does not wake up until he is on the brink. Then he sees clearly that Sybil has become to him more than an intimate, almost a second wife, and there is a duel in his heart between Mary, "with her ideas, her rectitude, her wealth of imagination, and her queenliness," and Sybil, "with her self-effacing charm, her aromatic servitude, her hero-worship, and her needlework."

Mary's wealth of imagination comes in useful on her return from Pittsburgh. She discerns a difference in Oliver. She suspects defections. She scents the Camembert cheese from afar. She even scours the house and at last discovers six tell-tale champagne corks in the garbage barrel—"the favorite brand." Of this she does not speak, but taking pains to reach home unannounced after her next aesthetic excursion, she arrives just as Oliver has attempted to embrace Sybil and been repulsed.

Explanations follow. Sybil quite candidly defines the situation. "You ridicule his friends, you scorned his tastes, ignored his politics (his soul's vision), all in the name of your superor wisdom, and—like a man—he turned to me for consolation." But Sybil has no illusion that Oliver loves her. She coolly announces, in fact, that she is engaged to a wealthy suitor herself. But this does not help Mary. It is clear to her that Oliver has infringed their tacit understanding that "a different sexual standard for men and women" is "one of the complacent fallacies of a masculine-made civilization." (Judge Grant loves big words.) Mary leaves Oliver at once, goes out into the night, to fend for herself and the children and work out her career.

It takes seven years for Mary to discover that she had not been all adequate to Oliver. Sybil by this time is a wealthy widow, and it is in her power to help Oliver. A jealous impulse drives Mary to steal some papers for his sake. This theft brings home to her the dominance of her needs. She "was so created that when her heart's ulterior purpose was at stake all other virtues dwindled." So she communes. She "essays a new appraisal of the past under the guidance of her own abasement." Oliver in the meantime has realized that he too is at fault. He never took his

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wife's career seriously. And so, still sure of her rectitude, her queenliness, her wealth of imagination and her ideas, he goes back to her. She weeps in his arms. She realizes at last that "if the modern woman tries to tinker with nature, she's bound to come a cropper." She nestles next to Oliver, and siren Sybil is left out in the cold.

As a conventional American novel "The High Priestess" has some merits, but it is a mistake to take it as a study of the modern woman. Mary is not the modern woman. She is, on the contrary, a quite complete specimen of the familiar suburban prig. In endowing her with a "career," Judge Grant undoubtedly feels that he has made her highly advanced. But if Mary were interested in collecting used stamps to buy babies for foreign missions she would be just as characteristic. She is simply the sexually obtuse woman of every age who wants the *arc de triomphe* of love with the keystone left out. A career is her substitute for the keystone in the present instance, but it might as well be psalm-singing or father-tending. And her sententiousness about a "career" is her only claim to modernity.

It is not the feminist who says: "I imagined I had all my emotions under lock and key ready to respond only to noble calls of my own choosing." This might have been said by any repressed New England spinster a hundred years ago. And just this blindness about sex, permitting an acceptance of male sexual love without a sexual response, is the stupidity of Mary, a stupidity worth studying but not distinctively "modern." In his antipathy to the modern woman it is not unnatural that Judge Grant should ascribe sexual coldness to her and depict her as a prig. But his antipathy has beguiled him, and for Oliver's ideality about Mary at the end no feminist is likely to be grateful. His return to her is a triumph of monogamy over experience, a cause for lamentation and woe.

Judge Grant is one of America's serious novelists, one of the pillars of our serious periodicals, a writer thoughtful, conscientious and sedate. But it is idle to deny that "The High Priestess" is written out of a strait waistcoat. In one limited sense it may be said to be competent. It maintains successfully the proposition that a self-satisfied bore will wreck her married life if she misunderstands the sexual and domestic implications of marriage. But it is incompetent and egregious in its portentous treatment of that bore. In the class for which Judge Grant writes, a class all too ready to misunderstand, Mary may possibly pass for a feminist. But in striving to do justice to her on that score Judge Grant has merely shown the patronizing possibilities of a detached and critical man. To describe a rigid, humorless, mean, pretentious woman is certainly worth while, but to imply that her essentially low qualities are merely the hind side of feminism is to flatter the conservative view of feminism with a vengeance. There are feminists, no doubt, who take a wrong view of domesticity, but it takes more than a wrong view of domesticity to make a feminist, and it is this that Judge Grant has failed to see. Inflexible and unsympathetic, he has not left his memories of an American type many years old to go out and discover the characteristic type of to-day. Provided with strong prejudices against that type, he has been content to ascribe to it an imagined jargon and all the old limitations of the women he used to know. This is convenient, but it is not fiction and it is not art. It is simply the vamping out of reflections in fictional form.

As an artist Judge Grant fails hardly less in his portrait of Oliver. The politics in which this man is engaged are the politics of fiction, not of fact. They are the politics of respectable literary convention, just as Oliver's manhood, and Oliver's seven-year continence, are also affairs of literary convention. But these inadequacies are to be endured in fiction like Judge Grant's. What is frankly unendurable is the complacence with which such a man assumes to penetrate the depths of the troublesome feminist soul. Such complacence will be calmly received in certain amiable circles. But these are the circles in which, as Judge Grant indicates, people are still shocked when women of twenty-five read "Madame Bovary." If only Judge Grant, turgid and cold and clumsy, knew enough to go on his knees to the artist who wrote "Madame Bovary"!

It remains to be said that "The High Priestess" is viscous in expression as well as feeling. It is the work of a pedantic amateur. Cut from 530 pages to 300 pages and enlightened as to feminism, it would be a fair novel. But such changes would be impossible for a writer so defective in sympathy, a man of impeded tongue and congealed blood.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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The Attitude of Adventure

Poems, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

ANYBODY who fancies himself in heroic declamation will probably, if he happens to read "Lepanto," read it aloud. He is likely then to be so pleased with its brave colors and insistent sonority that he will repeat it a second and perhaps a third time. After that he is sure to avoid it as he would a Sousa march, not wishing to strut always with brass and drums. But he will find no relief in this

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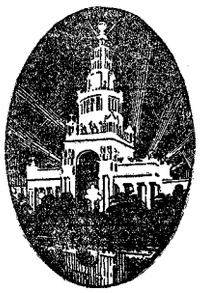

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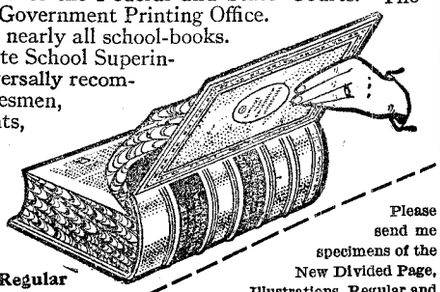

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book. All the poems are not quite so loud, but all—except the humorous topical verse—are equally emphatic. Words like pomp, gorgeous, thunder, ancient, crimson, scorn, myriad, blazing, thousandfold, giant, trumpets, immortal, golden, jewelled, stars, passion, repeat themselves endlessly in walloping anapaests and staccato iambics until the only thing left with any power to stir is silence.

Perhaps it is natural that a man who cannot write prose without twisting it into paradox should proclaim his verse with such bravado. He roars out his "Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far," and his "Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums," as if they were the sort of thing he cared most about in the world. After a while one wonders why he rarely speaks of anything as if he had really seen it with his own eyes and were filled with it, so that he could not crowd it into words at all unless they were his own authentic symbols. Here is no sensitive reverence for reality. What seems to exalt Mr. Chesterton most is his rectangular way of arranging images in his mind, enabling him to speak like a journalist, comfortably, of primary colors and big noises and people all good or all bad. There is scarcely a poem in the book which does not seem an attitude.

The attitude that Mr. Chesterton least tires of emphasizing is his religious orthodoxy. Although only a small section is devoted to "religious poems," thirty-six of the fifty-nine poems in the volume mention God, and all are full of churchly words. Even the "love poems" include titles like "Love's Trappist" and "Confessional," and are sprinkled with such phrases as "my soul's anointed" and "the fires that over Sodom fell." We are likely to conclude that Mr. Chesterton is unwaveringly orthodox about the same time we conclude he is not a poet.

Mr. Chesterton's orthodoxy gives him counters of thought and emotion with which he plays a game of definite rules, protected from any real uncertainty and from any real hostility except on the part of those who may try to break up the game. This man is red, that one is black. Each thing has one name, sanctified by authority, and you can shout it as many times and as loudly as you please. There is an understandable mechanism behind the world; it gives you assurance and relieves you of the arduous necessity of knowing each thing by itself. All you have to do is to classify it. This kind of orthodoxy is not confined to people of any religious creed. It is common to Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Roosevelt, the Marxian Socialist, and the jingo in time of war. If you have accepted a mechanical orthodoxy it is easy to speak familiarly of God, believe in unconditional generalities, or write emphatic verse.

Yet true poets have been orthodox as often as not. What is the difference between the kind of orthodoxy Mr. Chesterton uses and the kind a genuine poet has? How is it that what in another man might be simplicity and courage becomes in him banality and bravado?

Let us suppose that a mind keen for paradox and alive to the mysteries of reality, begins adventurously to explore everything that may interest him in the circle of his distance. And suppose that at length he finds himself far from his starting point, a little bewildered, homesick for something sure and accustomed. He wants to go back. But long ago he has told himself that his soul is free, that he is a fearless man and self-sufficient. Therefore he does not admit that he is tired, but invents a bold reason to still his pride. Going home is the adventure! This thing that we call the distance is really nothing at all; it offers not a goal, but a beginning. Did not his ancestors come out of it to build their house? He will return within the walls,

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knowing that his own garden is a microcosm of the forest, knowing that everything in the world has its symbol in his domestic kingdom. He will sit quiet, sleep long and grow fat, and still be at peace with his adventure. One can really know the distance only when it is far away.

And so Mr. Chesterton's apparent naïveté is really an inverted subtlety, his orthodoxy a defensive reaction against heterodoxy. This interest in places over the horizon, which he has pushed out of his consciousness by an effort of will, reappears disguised. He must talk vociferously about the mystery of his garden, lest the mystery of the hills overwhelm him. He must prate eternally about romance, lest the genuine romance should make him uncomfortable again. But he is so busy in protestation that all the while he never really sees even his own garden.

Does this hypothesis account for Mr. Chesterton? Try it, the next time you feel an unacknowledged insincerity in him. Remember it, when he grows orotund in verse, or defends his orthodoxy in prose with engaging contradiction and an elaborate pretense of freedom. Such a hidden conflict may go far to explain him, if it explains the difference between the man who believes quite simply that the universe is his garden, and the man who has deliberately chosen to assert that his garden is the universe.

GEORGE SOULE.

Social Panegyric of Germany

Socialized Germany, by Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

IT is somewhat difficult to recall that eighteen months ago Germany was to the American state socialist what free America had been to the European liberal in the early nineteenth century—a country where the heart's desire had been enacted into law, a country where labor won comfort and security, where privileges and obligations were held in true correlation. Each returned voyager brought back tales of order and culture and efficiency more marvellous than the last. It was obviously Mr. Howe's intention to set forth German institutions more seductively than had ever been done before, to point the moral that we must remake ourselves after the German model if we would hold our place in the world. But the war came on, and the manuscript had to be warehoused. The American public, astonished at the spectacle of a nation distributing menacing ultimata by the sheaf, was interested only in one question: What made Germany go mad? Of the madness there seemed to be no doubt; and such was its quality as to cast suspicion upon the soundness of everything German—philosophy, science, education, and most of all upon a system of state socialism that had reduced the individual to a cog in a machine that a royal engineer might rack to pieces according to his own whim.

Now, after fifteen months of war, we may reprobate Germany's conduct as severely as at the beginning; but we must admit that the hypothesis of madness does not hold. German success, if it fall short of German expectations, vastly exceeds our expectations of a year ago. We begin to inquire, wherein lies the secret of Germany's wonderful sustaining power? Can it be that state socialism is the force that gives Germany the upper hand, in spite of the superiority of her enemies in men and money? To be sure, replies Mr. Howe. And therewith is found a place for his book, changed little, if at all, by the events of the last year. Perhaps the opening chapters, with their attempt to make of Germany a feudal state adapted to modern condi-

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tions, or an ancient Greece revived, represent an afterthought. The bulk of the book is devoted to a record of Germany's economic and social progress. Mr. Howe has aimed at breadth rather than depth, and occasionally leaves one with a baffling feeling that if more were said on certain points one's judgment might have a fairer chance of exercise. The work of Mr. Howe most resembles that of W. Harbutt Dawson. It cannot be said to offer much that is new, but it presents in convenient form much that was not easily accessible.

Even the reader who is familiar with the economic and social activities of the German state will find it profitable to review once more with Mr. Howe the German railway system, cheap, flexible and productive of rich revenues; the remarkably effective system of internal waterways, harbors, free ports; the administration of forests and mines; the institutions for keeping labor employed, healthy, secure against the mischances of accident and sickness, disability and old age; an educational system that provides the most expert personnel in the world for the civil service and for private business; municipal institutions that curb privilege, promote the prosperity of the common citizen, and provide gratifications for the masses according to their tastes. It all sounds almost too good to be true. One gains a new sympathy for the German in the trenches, who has been dragged out of so pleasant a community life as Mr. Howe describes.

What of the effect on the individual of all this governmental care? Mr. Howe's opinion on this point is conventional. "*Verboten* is the law of the land." Personally and politically the German is not so free as the Anglo-Saxon. Economically and socially there is greater freedom in Germany. Individualism is suppressed and the social virtues are cultivated. All this no doubt must be true, we have heard it so often. But what does it mean, in terms of life values? Where would you rather be found, a wailing John Doe, on a doorstep in socialized Germany or in *laissez faire* America? Mr. Howe would choose Germany, with all her political oppressions.

Blameless Thoughts

The Higher Patriotism, by John Grier Hibben, President of Princeton University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 60 cents net.

THE word "profound" occurs nearly a dozen times in these brief addresses. Profound impressions, profound beliefs, profound convictions, profound reverences and profound thoughts besprinkle President Hibben's pages, with a corresponding proportion of supremes and sublimes, fundamentals and essentials, duties and responsibilities. When you dig under this vocabulary you find three or four commonplace notions. President Hibben thinks that in the matter of pacificism zeal should be tempered with wisdom, that defenses should be adequate rather than inadequate if we are going to have defenses at all. In the matter of ethics he thinks that nations should have the same standards as individuals. In the matter of conduct he believes that "we need the strength that is born of self-denial," and that truth and justice "draw from founts of everlasting law." Offered at Lake Mohonk, at the Synod Hall of St. John the Divine and in the throes of baccalaureate Princeton, these utterances may have served some purpose. But, while most moral and edifying in institution, they beg most of the questions which they raise. Their publication points to another zeal that might have been tempered, or even canceled, with wisdom.

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